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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN SIBERIA

THE Peking correspondent of the London *Times* states that only the presence of the Japanese government prevents all Siberia from being Bolshevist. According to this informant:

> The position in the Far East is now extremely interesting, for the whole Russian area, except the Vladivostok corner, may be regarded as being practically as much under soviet rule as any region in Russia proper. Apparently Europe is thought to be about to establish relations with the soviet government, and if recognition of the Far Eastern republic does not follow that government will at least be *de facto*, and will be entitled to invite Japan to name the date of the evacuation of Russian territory.
>
> Japan has spent over 600,000,000 yen [approximately £90,000,000] on her intervention in Siberia besides losing many lives and highly trying the endurance of her troops in an impossible climate. Large sums of Japanese capital have been invested in property and enterprise, all of which will be jeopardized if Japan retires to give place to a Bolshevist régime. Naturally the Japanese are greatly exercised by the situation which has arisen and by the prospect of having to cut their losses.

Meantime, China has received the soviet ambassador, Yourin, and is conferring with him regarding the Far East situation.

Seminoff's downfall came as a shock to public opinion in Japan, which had staked its hope of a successful counter-offensive against Bolshevism in the Far East largely upon that leader. Commenting on this event, the Osaka *Manichi* says: 'The tragic end of all the anti-Bolshevist leaders is eloquent proof of the fact that Russian affairs can only be settled by the Russians themselves. The Japanese general staff backed the wrong horse.' According to allusions in the Japan *Advertiser*, it appears that the final withdrawal of Japanese troops from Siberia has already begun, although a definite statement of the government's policy there is not yet forthcoming.

EUROPEAN PROPAGANDA IN SOUTH AMERICA

SECRETARY COLBY'S visit to South America was only one of a series of similar calls upon the governments of that continent by foreign statesmen and rulers. The King of Belgium has just returned from Brazil. Ex-Premier Viviani delivered a series of brilliant addresses in Argentina and Chile last summer, explaining French policy during the war and subsequently. A Spanish official mission is now in Chile, and, more recently still, Ex-Premier Orlando of Italy has arrived in Buenos Aires. Articles by Ex-President Poincaré, and by Ex-Premier Nitti, rather divergent in their interpretation of

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present European conditions, are being syndicated in the South American press. It can hardly be said, however, that the drift of public sentiment in Latin America is toward greater sympathy with the Entente.

A reader gathers from the German papers that official circles in that country are quite content with the after-war developments of public opinion in Latin America. A prominent Brazilian diplomat observes in *Le Revue de Genève* that minor points of friction, such as the dispute between France and Brazil over the ownership of vessels sequestered by the latter country when it entered the war, have chilled the enthusiasm for France which previously existed. Brazilians recently welcomed a distinguished German surgeon, Theodor Krauss, who made a special trip to Rio Janeiro to perform a very delicate operation, with extraordinary enthusiasm, which was increased by several 'eloquent addresses' which he delivered during his sojourn in the country.

ROUMANIAN UNCERTAINTIES

We lately referred to the critical political situation in Roumania, which had caused martial law to be proclaimed throughout the country. The recent bomb explosion in the Senate killed Archbishop Radu, Minister of Justice, General Coanda, president of the Senate, General Valeanu, Minister of Public Works, and several senators. Last October, the Social Democratic Party attempted to call a general strike, whereupon General Averescu proclaimed martial law and censorship of the press, and took prompt measures to prevent by arms the proposed action of the Radicals. While the strike itself did not prove serious, the government measures provoked by the strike have, apparently, created a perilous situation. Several Radical leaders have been sentenced to five years' imprisonment, on the charge of conspiring with Moscow to overthrow the government. During the trial, unpleasant disclosures were made, involving political intrigues between prominent Conservative politicians and the extreme Radicals. Indeed, General Averescu himself seems at one time to have plotted a revolution. A correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung* observes that 'the domestic situation in Roumania is much more serious and critical than the government has permitted to be known.'

SOME RUSSIAN TRADE FIGURES

Reports from Bolshevist Russia's trade outlets on the Baltic indicate that the principal exports from that country are birch veneers, a few carloads of which pass through Narva and Reval almost daily. Occasionally, large shipments of gold are noted. For instance, on November 18, 3000 poods, or between 60,000,000 and 65,000,000 rubles, passed through Esthonia in the charge of special couriers for Sweden. On November 6, it was estimated that the Moscow government still had 300,000,000 rubles in gold in its treasury and that between 500,000,000,000 and 600,000,000,000 rubles of paper currency were in circulation. The printing of Tsar rubles which had been continued by the Moscow government because this currency was at a premium over soviet rubles, is rumored to have ceased last January on account of increasing technical obstacles to their production.

Imports include a great variety of articles, ranging from provisions to locomotives, and include potatoes, flour, milk, medicines, agricultural machinery, horseshoes and horseshoe nails, percussion caps, and chemicals for the manufacture of poison gases. The

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Krasnaya Gazeta of October 10, reporting an agreement made in England for the immediate shipment to Russia of cloth to the value of 2,000,000 pounds sterling, contains the following comment:

Up to October 1, we have received, for example, about 350,000 poods of various agricultural implements. Taking into account the kind of implements received (scythes, rakes, and such) which are not large or heavy, we see that the quantity has been very large. We should note also that our agricultural workers needed these very implements.

Of exceptional importance for our lumber mills were the steel saws received from abroad, of which about 60,000 arrived up to October 1. Of course, this is not such a large number according to peace time reckoning; but inasmuch as our most important industrial centre — Petrograd — prepares not more than 10,000 saws per half year, the saws that arrive from abroad will help the production of lumber, which, by the way, is needed to ship abroad in exchange for goods received.

Our leather factories have been relieved greatly by the arrival from abroad of 'dubilny' extract (about 68,000 poods). Many factories in soviet Russia, which were on the eve of closing down because they did not have this extract, can now increase their output.

Paper also occupies a prominent place among the goods imported. More than 200,000 poods had arrived by October 1, which represents approximately three fourths of the monthly production of all the paper factories of the entire Petrograd district.

There has also been received from abroad sole leather to the amount of 70,000 poods, which our shoe factories needed very badly. Some factories were closed for want of sole leather, though they had large reserves of uppers. Great importance attaches also to the arrival from abroad of 10 carloads of electric lamps (about 800,000 pieces). It is necessary to take into account that, at the present moment, there are only two factories in soviet Russia that manufacture these electric lamps which put out not more than 35,000 lamps per month.

The export of goods from Russia has been very inconsiderable to date. We have imported, to October 1, about 2,000,000 poods of various goods, but we have exported only about 170 carloads of flax and 84 carloads of veneer wood (the shipment of the latter began only in September and is to London). To date we have paid for the goods secured abroad for the most part in gold.

MORE ALLIES OF MOSCOW

THE recent decision of the French Socialist Party to ally itself with the Moscow International must not be accepted as the policy of organized labor in France. Trade unions and political parties are distinct in that country, as in most parts of Europe, and their policies do not necessarily run parallel. However, the Trade Union Alliance of the department of the Seine has gone over to Moscow, and has dismissed many of its veteran officials because they opposed that action. Commenting upon the French situation, a well-informed correspondent of *Journal de Genève* says, 'the extremist movement is the more interesting and possibly will eventually be the more dangerous because it combines such diverse elements. Among the French Bolsheviki are self-seeking adventurers and men of dubious character. But there are also among them people inspired with a sort of mystical madness.' *Humanité*, in mentioning the recent death at sea of three delegates of the French Socialists to Moscow observes, 'they went there as the three magi went to the Divine Manger.' Henri Barbusse, whose appeal to French Socialists we recently printed, publishes in *Avanti* another article of much the same tenor, exhorting the Italian Socialists to ally themselves with Moscow at their coming National Congress.

Meantime, the Radical movement in Spain — partly, it is true, in response to the methods of repression adopted by the government — has degenerated into an orgy of murder and assassination. This is vividly brought to our attention by the following notice from a leading Barcelona paper, *La Publicidad:*

Only a few weeks ago, three employees of *La Publicidad* fell victims of a Star Pistol. Two were killed outright and one wounded. We might have hoped that the secret conspirators

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who rule our city would thereupon consider their account with us settled. Unhappily we are all too soon reminded that this is not their opinion. Another member of our staff has been murdered. There are three deaths now on the account. The employees of our daily seem to be an especial object of the secret government's enmity, although working conditions in our establishment are equal to those of others in Barcelona.

'ALLERLEI' FROM GERMANY

ACCORDING to *Deutsche Politik*, a liberal nationalist weekly published in Berlin, it is generally known that the German Crown Prince was weary of the war and eagerly desirous of a real peace as early as the summer of 1917. He was even ready to discuss restoring Alsace-Lorraine to France. The German military leaders succeeded in stifling these aspirations. Ludendorff himself said to Czernin, when the latter was in Berlin: 'What have you done to our Crown Prince? He has lost his nerve. But we have braced him up again.' This remark, which rests largely upon Czernin's own testimony, has now been confirmed by the publication of a memorandum written by the Crown Prince in the summer of 1917 to an officer confidant, which has just been published in the *Militär-Politische Wochenschau*. In this document the former Crown Prince declared that Germany and its Allies were 'now the losing parties,' and that their situation would continue to grow worse. He recommended the adoption of exclusively defensive tactics on land, while pressing the submarine campaign to the utmost. If submarines prove ineffective, Germany should appeal for peace. However, the Crown Prince does not reveal himself in this memorandum as quite so much a pacifist as Czernin would have made him. He would consent only to a peace on the basis of the *status quo* before the war. The memorandum contains the prophetic sentence: 'If our enemies dictate the peace, our signatures will record the last word in Hohenzollern, Prussian, and German history.'

AMERICAN newspapers have recently contained allusions to the smuggling of securities and other property out of Germany by members of the Hohenzollern family. The incident has developed into a public scandal and has been welcomed by the radicals for two reasons: the Prussian State Parliament is still debating its financial settlement with the Hohenzollern family, and the evidence tends to relieve the Social Democrats of the charge, urged by their Junker opponents, that the coming into power of the working classes has lowered public morals. The matter was brought to a crisis through an interpellation in the National Parliament by the former Social Democrat Chancellor Hermann Müller, in the following words:

> Is it true that a large amount of wealth has been smuggled out of Germany, and that in Berlin an investigation has been made of the Grusser bank, which led to the seizure of its books and documents? Is it true that evidence was obtained to prove that there was an extensive conspiracy to smuggle capital out of the country and that many members of noble and princely houses, among them members of the Hohenzollern family, were implicated? What measures does the national government propose to take against the guilty, and what has the minister of finance done to guarantee the return of the property to this country?

The defence of the conservatives was most inadequate, although the monarchist members spoke as though they were in the old Imperial Parliament, objecting to the indignity done to members of the princely houses by such a charge. Count Westarp, the conservative leader, observed: 'Representative Müller has not only dragged the person of the Kaiser into the debate, but he has attacked and insulted him,' referring haughtily to 'His

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Majesty, the Kaiser.' The debate is mainly important to the world outside of Germany as betraying the recovered confidence and aggressive attitude of the defenders of the old régime.

ALTHOUGH the alarm of the German radical newspapers may be exaggerated, they quote letter and chapter for their charge that a widespread reactionary conspiracy exists in Germany. *Leipziger Volkszeitung* says:

> The Königsberg chief of police personally confirmed the report that at least ten thousand men have already crossed the East Prussian border (into Lithuania) and that these are not only East Prussian reactionaries but men from all parts of the country. Their military organization is indisputable. For a long time now former German officers have served as instructors in the Lithuanian army, and they are actively intriguing with others in Germany in order to organize a reactionary army in Lithuania itself.

According to another issue a secret society of officers known as the 'Steel Helmet Union' has been formed in Saxony, for the express purpose of supporting a reactionary monarchist revolt.

AMERICANS IN SIBERIA

IN our issue of September 25, we printed an article from the British Tory *National Review*, by a writer who did not reveal his name, describing his personal experiences with the British mission in Siberia, in which the statement was made that 'taking it all round, the Americans were hated by all shades of Russian opinion.' This has brought us a protest from Professor Tuck, formerly of Cornell University, who was in Siberia during the period to which the article refers, part of the time in a private capacity, and at other times on official duty. Professor Tuck says:

> Referring to statements made by 'Onlooker,' that Americans were 'the most unpopular,' I wish to take exception. I never heard anyone with knowledge of the situation make such a statement, and I emphatically deny it; it is both unfair and false. True, the Americans were not as popular as many Russians hoped they would be. That applied to other Allies as well. On the other hand, the work of the American Red Cross stood out preëminently, and was the subject of most favorable comment by Russians on all sides. A large number of Americans were personally popular, and as a whole they were generally popular. Anyone who makes a statement to the contrary does so either in ignorance, or with malicious intent.

POLAND'S HOME PROBLEMS

WITH the possible exception of Italy, Poland has some of the most over-populated rural districts of any country in Europe. Former Russian-Poland is estimated to have a million and a half landless peasants. This surplus of labor and the prevalence of little cottage holdings too small to cultivate with improved machinery are largely responsible for the backward state of Polish agriculture. These conditions are engaging the attention of the Polish Diet, which passed an agrarian reform bill last July—not yet, however, put into effect. Its provisions are intended to promote the formation of small farms of from fifty to one hundred acres in area.

While other manufacturing industries are at a standstill, the manufacture of munitions is rapidly developing. Two large companies are actually building munitions works in Poland, one of which is intimately connected with the British Vickers. Preparations are being made for opening an explosive factory. The railways lack rolling stock and there is an opening for truck transportation. An American company with a capital of one million dollars is preparing to start a motor-truck line between Danzig and Krakow.

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[*Le Correspondant* (Paris Liberal Catholic Bi-Monthly), *November 25, 1920*]

ELECTION WEEK IN NEW YORK

BY GEORGES LECHARTIER

AMERICAN political activity is considered by common consent to focus in New York. Both great parties have their headquarters in that city. Here they elaborate their plans of attack, last hour manœuvres, insinuations, accusations, denials, outbursts of indignation, and climaxes of enthusiasm,—typical accompaniments of elections the world over, but perhaps more characteristic of America than of any other country. It would be difficult to find a more unique picture than that presented by New York the week preceding the presidential election. While Chicago, San Francisco, and the other great population centres of the United States are relatively calm, and limit their campaign demonstrations principally to the press and bulletin boards, New York is like a gigantic blast furnace where political passion becomes incandescent. The normal course of events is interrupted. Men of the world, professional men, financiers, and society men, are all intent on the approaching event. Police scandals, a bank robbed by masked bandits, a great football game, an express held up in the West, or a friendly bout between two famous pugilists — whatever ordinarily seizes and holds public attention is for the time being relegated to the eleventh page of the newspapers or left out entirely. Immense bets are placed upon the candidates. This week the odds are seven to one for the Republicans. Everything hangs on the election.

Fifth Avenue is an impressive array of banners, broken here and there by immense cloth signs urging men to vote for Harding, to defend the honor of their country, or for 'Cox and Justice.' New editions of newspapers are shouted on the streets every hour, containing full page advertisements, appeals, and cartoons, extolling the virtues of one candidate and ridiculing the incompetency of his rival. A war of posters is fought with all the resources of unbridled imagination upon billboards, in subway stations, on busses and trams, and even in the lobbies of great hotels. The Post Office is overwhelmed with a flood of letters, tracts, and pamphlets carrying the good word to the homes of the citizens, with exhortations issued by campaign leaders, with quotations from speeches, *bons mots*, and anecdotes of the candidates.

The cinematograph is naturally one of the favored instruments of propaganda. In the innumerable movies of New York, which on many streets stand literally side by side, the candidates are presented going about their ordinary duties, in the bosom of the family, or performing various official acts. It is a great advantage for an American presidential candidate, when he seeks the suffrage of his fellow citizens, to have started life on a farm, and to have been a farmer's son. Governor Cox, Senator Harding, and Governor Coolidge are all the sons of farmers. They passed their childhood on farms and they have not permitted

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the public to forget it. Let us step into any movie along Broadway or elsewhere. There appears in quick succession on the screen, Mr. Harding mowing in overalls, working down the edge of a hay field with the rhythm of an experienced hand. Then Mr. Cox is shown on a tractor harvester, driving through an ocean of ripe grain. Last of all Mr. Coolidge is seen in front of the ancestral farmhouse, polishing with a most serious air the boots of his grandfather, who still occupies the farm. Then we get a series of domestic scenes. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, a very young, handsome man, smilingly embracing his mother. Then Mr. Cox appears again out in the yard taking telegrams and letters from a messenger. The dispatches are at once thrown in an enlarged form on the screen, revealing the fact that they contain messages of congratulations and encouragement. Last of all, Mr. Harding appears in his shirt-sleeves, playing horseshoe quoits with a policeman chum on a street at Marion. While some thirty thousand orators—*poetae minores*—in the service of the two parties are flooding the rest of the Union with their eloquence, the stars are gathered at New York, where meetings are in almost continuous session in halls, theatres, and other public places. Meantime the candidates themselves retire to their homes to await the final issue.

But to get the full measure of the incandescent glory of election publicity one must spend an evening on Broadway in the vicinity of Times Square. On any occasion nocturnal Broadway is a fire festival. During election week it is a blinding glare of brilliance. At every elevation, from the street level to the very pinnacle of the sky scrapers, numerous names and numbers, gigantic and almost living, shift and move. Here a hundred feet or so above the pavement six gigantic gnomes, outlined by lights, perform in perfect unison extraordinary feats of agility. They bow, rise, raise their arms, lift one leg in the air, and vanish. Then for just an instant all is darkness. Suddenly their place is taken by a piercing blaze of light announcing a well-known brand of chewing gum and informing the spectator that it can be bought everywhere in three different flavors. That vanishes. A little farther on, two luminous cats, as large as elephants, play with a ball of light, entangle themselves in the thread, free themselves, then in three bounds spring to the height of ten stories. Then darkness, to be followed a moment later by the announcement of a well-known sewing machine. A radiant siphon fills two glittering glasses with sparkling water. Still farther on, a wonderful fiery sled drawn by six galloping dogs speeds across a luminous prairie under a flashing whip wielded by a prince clothed in sparkling jewels. Wherever the eye turns there are advertisements, starry appeals, a blaze of flashing, vanishing, reappearing, scintillating lights.

But how shall I describe the brilliance of the street below. The shop fronts are surrounded by luminous signs of many colors, masses containing thousands of polychrome lamps through which the light shivers and ripples, where azure or opaline phosphorescent serpents pursue each other through islands of brilliance and where all the colors of the prism succeed each other in countless forms and combinations, catching the eye and holding the attention, fairly blinding the spectator, as though a flood of sparkling, fiery jewels had been poured recklessly into the broad avenue's lap.

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However, during election week Broadway fairly excels itself, and even this marvelous display is thrown into the shade by great banners of light, reproducing the features of one or the other candidate, by cascades of sparkling diamonds and radiant pearls which group themselves into the most quotable phrases of their election speeches, by symbolic and phantasmagoric pictures, condensing into a flash of light some essential feature of a party policy or platform.

As though even this riot of lights was not sufficient, the night before election the very pavements became a torrent of fire. At one end of the avenue a lurid reddish glare appears, slowly approaching. As it draws near the blur of humanity which accompanies it differentiates into cheering individuals, music, and an orderly procession. Governor Coolidge, the candidate for Vice-President, is in the leading automobile. Then come other automobiles decorated with lights, pennants of lights, banners, musicians whose instruments reflect the rays of the bright red and white electric torches. Some of the standard bearers carry aloft luminous banners. Then there are automobiles containing people clothed with what appear to be jewels sparkling in magnesium light. Thirty thousand — sixty thousand, according to the statements of some newspapers — men and women are in this procession, each one an independent centre of brilliance. There are thirty thousand or sixty thousand red or white torches tossing like the waves of the sea, stopping, separating, meeting, interrupted here and there by countless bands of music each again reflecting in turn the glow of the myriad passing lights. Broadway has become a blazing, roaring glare above the slowly moving sea of humanity.

Election day is a holiday in the United States. Offices and factories close. Only such employees as are indispensable for guarding property and performing necessary services remain on duty. The down town business centre, and its narrow streets gloomy in the shade of gigantic sky scrapers which have permanently excluded the sunshine from the depth of that section of Manhattan, ordinarily such a hive of hurrying humanity, are deserted and dead. Office buildings, banks, and stores are closed.

During this rainy November 2, the life of the city is centered around the polling places. The latter resemble in a general way those we have in France. In place of our wooden ballot boxes a grating box is used in order to render fraud more difficult. This device makes it possible to see each ballot deposited. The polling places are open from six o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon. There are 2127 of them in New York City, mostly located in public schools. Numerous watchers of every party are constantly on duty keeping an eye upon the voting, and guarding the polls. Not until evening does the city resume its normal activities. When the first returns come in, the life of the mighty metropolis again pulses with greater intensity than ever.

By six o'clock the crowd begins to gather along Broadway and in Times Square. Its centre is in front of the offices of the latter paper, where a great transparency has been erected. As rapidly as the returns come in they are displayed here. By six o'clock it is almost impossible to move. A little later it is practically hopeless. Viewed in the midst of thousands and thousands of blinding, flashing lights, the spectacle is weird and picturesque.

Upon the sidewalk a dense crowd growing thicker every moment, moves slowly in both directions. From time

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to time gigantic policemen manage to open a narrow passage to allow a close file of trumpeting automobiles to pass through. However, by nine o'clock when the decisive results are beginning to arrive, the police are utterly unable to keep traffic going. Fifty thousand people are packed in the square, and one hundred thousand pair of eyes are lifted to the same point, where a black line reports the returns from some state or important district.

The first figures come from Massachusetts, indicating that five towns in that state have given 1487 votes to Harding and 300 to Cox. This is received with a wild shout mingled with enthusiastic whistling. It looks as though the great crowd was there to applaud success in the abstract rather than any particular party. At increasingly frequent intervals from that time on fifty thousand throats have occasion to cheer again, with eager enthusiasm but with varying intonations. It will be a long time before the enthusiasm moderates. At first the applause is spasmodic, terminating suddenly when new figures are thrown upon the screen. Then it becomes continuous, merely rising and falling in intensity. Finally, however, the returns succeed each other so rapidly there is no respite and the cheering becomes a sort of steady roar whose almost intimidating modulations will din our ears until two o'clock in the morning — at least until the final returns are known.

The people who are not on the streets are packing the theatres, cabarets or movies; between each act or each turn on the stage, or each reel of the film, results are thrown upon the screen, and are received with the same clamor of applause and whistling.

But the most picturesque spectacle is neither on the street or at the movies. The better society of New York is as excited as the people on the curb over the final result, but prefers to receive the returns more exclusively. It has gathered at the restaurants and grills, of the great hotels, which have been converted into reception halls and ballrooms for the night.

Let us enter the Plaza Grill. A multitude of little tables with shaded candles, decorated with roses and orchids, fills the vast room. In the middle there is an open space for dancing. These tables, reserved for weeks and months ahead, are now occupied by gentlemen in evening dress and ladies *en grand décolletté* — corsages are evidently regarded as a pre-war institution — wearing furs and enormous pearl necklaces. All of these people are eating pastries, ice creams, and candies, or are smoking and drinking — in spite of prohibition, something else than water. A typical jazz band, with discordant banjoes, rattles, sirens, squawkers, cow bells, whistles, breaks loose at intervals. At the far end of the room is a screen half hidden by vines and flowers, where the returns are projected as they arrive.

Conversation here, as everywhere in public in the United States, is carried on in an extremely high voice punctuated by the loud laughter of women. From the first measures — or better said the rioting racket — of the band the guests begin to dance. The fox trot leaves the tables deserted and the vacant space is soon crowded with partners of all ages — even of years which in former times would have been considered, or at least called, respectable. They dance with hands balancing on high, cheek resting against cheek, with features which have suddenly become grave, impassive, and composed. The few diners who remain at the table throw paper streamers over the dancers. Rattles, castanets, sirens, and gongs punctuate

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the music, or better said the racket. But the dancers, who were so exuberant and joyous at the tables a moment before, now seem to be performing some sacred rite. At the end of the hall the results of the election in the Seventh District of Alabama and the Third District of Ohio are projected on the screen, giving the Republicans votes which ordinarily go to the Democrats. Although dancing continues uninterrupted and the band even intensifies its discord of rattles, whistles, gongs, and other barbarous devices, the people on the floor simultaneously add their applause to the general clamor. Altogether it is a startling vision of movement and madness, of alternating gauzy toilettes, sparkling jewels, dark dress suits, variegated confetti and streamers, and above all brutish noise combining in a veritable Walpurgis Night pandemonium.

We encounter the same atmosphere, if not exactly the same manifestations of it, not far from the Plaza, at 511 Fifth Avenue, in the low building with its comfortable, dignified furniture and general air of opulence characteristic of American clubs, where the Republican Club is serving as temporary headquarters for that party. Here the leaders are gathered; presidents of banks and railway companies and firms known throughout two hemispheres, representatives of the largest fortunes in New York and in the world. In spite of a certain aristocratic calm, one catches a quality of tenseness in the conversation and in the applause or expression of satisfaction as the favorable results pour in. Enormous wagers, whole fortunes, have been staked by these gentlemen, who exchange congratulations as they chew the ends of their cigars. It is not the money itself that worries them. Their eager anxiety is due to larger interests; to the object to which they have bent all their energies and efforts for eight hears, still more during the last four years, and above all during the last four months; a partisan triumph, an assured Republican government for four or for twelve years, crushing for good and all *l'odieux régime*.

When some time after midnight the success of Senator Harding is assured, we see here, as on the streets, exhibitions of brief folly, which even the previous enthusiasm had not elicited. A bank president, elderly and somewhat gouty, grabs a famous and eminent lawyer, and the two gentlemen with the most serious air in the world tread a few measures of the fox trot.

By this time a throng of elegantly clad people has emerged from party headquarters, restaurants, and clubs along Fifth Avenue, and gathered in the street, where the infernal din is multiplied and intensified. Whistles, horns, the explosion of backfires, bells, sirens, and anything that can make a racket is used to contribute to the confusion. Searchlights sweep the heavens. The whole populace surrenders to a mad delirium, as the nation learns that a change of administration has become a fact.

[*Journal des Débats* (Quasi Official Conservative Literary and Political Weekly), *December 3, 1920*]

ELECTION IN ATHENS

BY PIERRE DE LACRETELLE

People who have watched the election campaign here at Athens for a month, feel that the utter defeat of the Liberal Party is almost inexplicable, and are tempted to lose confidence in the Greek people.

Late in November Venizelos made a triumphal journey throughout the principal strongholds of the opposition,

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and was received everywhere with such excessive manifestations of enthusiasm and adoration that they seemed even to embarrass him. The whole population crowded about him, bending over when he passed to kiss his hands and his garments. At Patras, a reactionary stronghold, and Syra, Corinth, Saloniki, Chalkis, and Volos, similar incidents occurred as late as November 11. All Athens flocked around the balconies when Venizelos delivered his terrible indictment of Constantine. His discourse was punctuated at almost every word by friendly applause and solemn protestations. A hundred thousand men marched through the city afterward, singing hymns glorifying their liberator. Gounaris, the leader of the opposition, and his partisans were discouraged. The moderates acknowledged their defeat, and reconciled themselves to a policy of rebuilding their party after the election. Venizelos himself, ordinarily so reserved, admitted publicly that the manifestations of support surpassed his hopes; and in a private conversation on November 17, he estimated that the opposition would win but seventy-five seats in Parliament.

Only a few days later the Liberals were crushed and ceased to exist as a party. Venizelos was beaten in Athens, and deserted by half of Crete and eastern Macedonia. In a word, the situation completely reversed itself, and Venizelos' party will have hardly as many representatives in Parliament as they conceded to the former opposition.

Painful scenes have accompanied the shattering of the former government here at Athens; but they must be described if we are to understand the hopeless capriciousness of this nation.

During the morning of the fourteenth, a rumor circulated that the opposition was discouraged and had decided to refrain from voting; and as a matter of fact very few who were not Liberals presented themselves at the polls up to three o'clock in the afternoon. Thinking that they had won the election, the Venizelists, in the happy-go-lucky manner of Orientals, chose to parade through the city in cheering groups instead of watching and remaining about the polling places. Balloting here is a very long and complicated process. Every voter has to listen in succession to one hundred and seven speeches of instruction and to deposit that number of ballots in as many different ballot boxes.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon the opposition began to flock to the polls in throngs which could not be counted; for they had hitherto pretended to be Liberals of the most enthusiastic kind.

Still no one doubted the victory of the Venizelists until about ten o'clock that night, when a friend of the Premier's arrived at full speed at Hotel Great Britain, where his party had its headquarters. Pale as death and trembling, this man blurted out that the first returns uniformly showed a majority for the opposition. An indescribable panic immediately seized this little group and spread into the town. A crowd speedily gathered in front of the Liberal Club demanding the returns. It wavered between hope and despair for two hours before receiving this statement:

> The returns give a slight advantage to the opposition, but when the soldiers' votes come in we hope to recover our majority.

Immediately the most prominent members of the party gathered about Venizelos, and tried to prevail upon him to proclaim a military dictatorship. However, the Premier, who was the only one to keep his head, resolutely refused. He wanted an honest election and intended to obey the wishes of the people. He calmed the

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panic, but declared that he would not accept office if his majority was due to the votes of the soldiers. His friends objected to this that it had been useless, then, to allow the soldiers to vote, if their wishes were to be disregarded. After a long debate, which at times was very violent, the Premier yielded to their persuasion on this point.

First and foremost, however, was the duty of maintaining order and preventing violence during the crisis. He feared that the soldiers might make trouble, fancying that they were still loyal to him, and telegraphed to the commanding officers at Smyrna and Thrace, appealing to them to remain at their posts for the honor of the country and the army.

When Athens timidly awoke next morning, you would have hunted in vain in the windows or elsewhere for a single portrait of Venizelos, thousands of which had been displayed the day before. His partisans had prudently removed them. News from outside the city left no hope. Nevertheless, the prestige of Venizelos was still so great, his authority so dominated the timid masses, that he certainly could have bent the situation to his will, had he desired to supersede the law. You could see that the city still hesitated, waiting to know who was master, and ready to applaud the man who won.

This atmosphere of uncertainty and distrust still prevailed when the first disorders occurred, and resulted in several deaths at various points in the city. The Liberals made no resistance, whereupon Royalist olive branches began to be displayed in public. Venizelos, desiring to prevent more serious disturbances, summoned the ambassadors of France and Great Britain and informed them of his final decision. A convinced democrat, he had no intention of maintaining himself in power by bayonets.

He still hesitated to leave Greece; but an intercepted telephone message alarmed his friends lest he be assassinated; and they persuaded him to leave the country. By this time he had been abandoned not only by all Greece, but by his own party, which seemed to have vanished instantaneously in thin air. Most of the prominent leaders had already fled, and the only men who remained with the Premier were a few faithful friends, who were determined to hasten his departure.

On Wednesday, November 17, about noon, an automobile took him to Piræus, where he boarded a steamer for France. This time, however, no soldiers were needed to protect him from the enthusiastic demonstrations of the populace. A few curious spectators tauntingly waved Royalist olive branches as he passed. Not a hat was raised when a leader of whom Greece was unworthy quit his fatherland a voluntary exile, driven from it by an ingratitude unexampled in his nation's history. His last words, addressed to a Frenchman, were an attempt to excuse his people: 'Tell them in France,' he said, 'that my people have been misled by foreign agents. Do not be offended with them.' In moments like that, one can only bow in respect before the dignity and the almost religious veneration for his country and race, which this humiliated patriot still maintained. Perhaps his opinion would have changed, if he could have seen what happened at Athens a few hours later.

As soon as Gounaris and his friends, who had not dared to do anything before, were informed of the departure of their still feared adversary, they breathed more freely. They realized that they had really won a victory. The news spread quickly through the city and Athens, happy to have no longer to choose its master, surrendered itself joyously to its new rulers.

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First of all, every one tried to get a portrait of Constantine. That was the Palladium to be seen on every hand. Still the intention of the army remained doubtful. However, most of the Venizelist officers immediately resigned; so that Constantine's agents had only to visit the barracks with well-filled purses to transform the well-disciplined divisions into a howling mob. The troops immediately scattered throughout the city, cheered by the crowds, and removing the last remaining source of disquietude.

Spontaneous processions formed, carrying aloft in triumph pictures of Constantine, of Sophia, and even of the Kaiser. People pelted each other with flowers across the streets. Effigies of Venizelos attached to the end of a broom were a great success. But the centre of attraction was a group of common criminals who were liberated under the mistaken impression that they were political prisoners. Some sixty Turkish and Bulgarian war prisoners marched in a procession, crowned with olive branches, fraternizing with the soldiers, and cheering Constantine. A young Bulgarian non-commissioned officer carried aloft a portrait of the former king, hastily sketched for the occasion; its expression was at the same time benevolent and sad, a black band of crepe was around the arm in memory of the death of his son, the usurper chastised by destiny.

By four o'clock the carnival had developed into an Oriental orgy. The soldiers who had deserted their barracks with arms and ammunition, manifested their exhilaration by firing volleys into the air. About one hundred and fifty thousand people crowded into Constitution Square. Suddenly a great shout rose from the crowd, at the sight of an incredible procession which circled madly around its outskirts. This consisted of firemen and policemen, who only the day before were maintaining public order. At first they had prudently kept in the background fearing reprisals, but now they rallied to the popular cause. Some in red automobiles, others on bicycles, sped madly through the crowd, firing revolvers in the air, clanging gongs, tooting horns, and shouting the cry taken up by the whole city: *The King returns!*

By evening, under the glorious cloudless sky which bent over the Acropolis, you could hardly move through the streets on account of the encumberment of olive branches. Athens had become a vast market place, where the air was so heavy with dust, smoke, and the odor of the mob, that it was scarcely respirable. Incessant shouting and cheering and the reports of thousands of firearms combined in a deafening din. As the aim of the excited soldiers grew careless one began to hear the crash of breaking windows.

Amid the general rejoicing and tumult ugly charges against France were bandied about. One of the street speakers, the editor of a Loyalist journal, shouted: 'We are a free nation. Foreigners have pulled us about by the nose long enough. Long live Constantine!'

Finally late in the evening the excitement gradually died away. Little altars were erected in front of the pictures of Constantine posted along the streets, where Easter candles were burned. The crowd would kneel in passing these, and many exchanged the kiss of peace with their neighbors, repeating the ritual phrase, 'He is risen.'

Such scenes continued until one o'clock in the morning when people began to retire to their homes. Soon peace reigned over the slumbering city, and its streets were deserted except at Constitution Square, where a few dozen soldiers were sleeping heavily at the edge of the pavement. Now and

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then one would awake, yawn, slip a cartridge clip into his rifle and lazily fire four or five times before lying down again and resuming his slumbers.

Thus was passed a day by which every citizen of Athens honestly fancied he had demonstrated his dignity and good judgment.

[*Le Figaro* (Liberal Nationalist Daily), *December 7, 1920*]

FLEEING FROM CRIMEA

BY F. DE BAILLCHACHE

I AM still suffering from the shock at what I have seen during the last few days — worse things than it has ever before been my experience to witness. Early in the morning of November 10, startling news arrived from Sebastopol. The Reds had rolled up the White army, and M. de Martel, the French High Commissioner, sent urgent dispatches calling for transports. We left at once.

On the 11th, we are already before Sebastopol. It is a beautiful day, recalling our own delightful Provence. We are in the back sweep of a battle, surrounded by French, English, and American torpedo boats. Nothing is to be seen. A deep, dull, agonizing silence rests over the bay.

On the morning of the 12th, General Wrangel comes on board the Waldeck-Rousseau. He says that his six divisions, although they fought superbly, were not able to withstand twenty-seven Bolshevist divisions commanded by German officers. To-morrow those twenty-seven divisions will be at Sebastopol.

At one o'clock P.M., several Frenchmen, including myself, land. A Russian pilots us to the city. Everything is calm. People are reading the newspapers as fast as they leave the press. These report the Reds already near by.

Dense, picturesque groups are clustered here and there. Old bearded Russians in garments made of hides; Cossacks in tall skeepskin caps or red shakos. The latter wear poniards and curved sabers with jeweled handles at their belts. Here and there are women refugees, very Oriental in appearance with their heavy veils. All we see of their features are their magnificent blue eyes, still dilated with the terror of their flight.

All shops and hotels are closed. The ruble continues to fall. Yesterday, a franc would buy 10,000; to-day, 20,000. A box of matches costs 1500 rubles. The banks have no money in their vaults.

We ascend Malakoff Tower, which the Reds will possibly destroy to-morrow with all the memories it preserves for France. Night is falling when we get back. The wharves are packed with a countless silent throng. Many a face is wet with tears, but there is no noise.

We embark, finding General Brussard, M. de Martel and his Cossack guard, secretaries, dignitaries, and princes in ragged boots, already aboard the vessel. Their clothing is in rags. They are wearing no collars and their faces are pale and lined with fatigue. They are introduced to us by famous names, those of former nobles and grandees.

No blood and thunder romance, no sensational film, could reproduce what is now occurring every day in Russia. Princes of the highest lineage, noble ladies and their families, a whole world of people with strained, emaciated faces, dilapidated clothing, makeshift garb, who speak the most cultivated French and possess the breeding and manners of the most courtly and refined society, are crowded here.

A little girl, almost a child, showed

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me a photograph of the palace which her parents owned near Petrograd. This, together with a beautiful miniature representing a young man in the picturesque uniform of a lancer of the Guard, are all that she has saved. She added in a far-away voice: 'He wore that uniform when the Bolsheviki murdered him.'

This evening, a woman arrived running, her hair down, her eyes wild with terror: 'I come from Simferopol. The train was at the station. A bold patriot suddenly started the locomotive, and in spite of the Reds, we — a few of us — got away. They already held the town. They slaughtered my husband and my brother like pigs before my eyes.' Later in the night, the first fires started, throwing long, lurid beams of blood-red light over the harbor and the shifting, silent mass of the refugees crowded on the wharves.

On the evening of the 13th we set sail. The Reds tried to sink us with machine guns, but without success. We are leaving for Yalta, that city of sumptuous seaside palaces. We pass by little tugs towing barges and boats of every kind, loaded to the gunwales. Happily the sea is as smooth as oil: for otherwise there would be uncounted tragedies.

Pillaging had already started at Yalta. A few Frenchmen who had taken refuge at the harbor front were received on board. We learned that the Reds had captured Theodosia, and fired upon one of our torpedo boats which had replied. We went to its support, and then turned our course toward Constantinople.

The Russian cruiser, General Korniloff, followed us, together with the entire South Russian naval and merchant fleet, which Wrangel turned over to the French Admiral.

On the morning of the 17th, we were back at Constantinople, greeted by thousands of the Russians who had already reached that city, shouting: *Vive la France!* All the vessels in the Bosporus saluted us.

I was detailed to disembark 600 Cossacks in the middle of the night. Taking an interpreter with me, I presented myself on the Don, a Russian freighter. Everyone was sleeping. The decks were cluttered with recumbent forms wrapped in bear skins. I tried to rouse the Cossack leader who took me for a Bolshevist and resisted. Finally I succeeded in getting hold of the captain of the boat. Just then, the commander of an American ship came on board. He loaned us a torpedo boat to disembark our Cossacks. In a moment they were on their feet, still half asleep. We were to take off only Don and Kuban Cossacks. The latter hardly look like human beings with their high cheek bones and slant eyes. They have the reputation of being terrible fighters, and I am quite prepared to believe they justify their reputation. They had been on the steamer for a week, packed so close that they could hardly move, and exposed to the weather on the open deck. I made no effort to inspect conditions closely. Happily typhus is not so contagious in winter as in summer. A clutter of indescribable objects, arms, equipment, apparel, refuse, and garbage covered the deck. There were some women among them. All were equally terrified at the dangers of disembarking, for the swell had suddenly begun to rise. In their fear lest they fall into the water, they forgot their baggage and even their arms, except the great curved sabers which never leave their side for a moment. The latter are wonderful weapons, some of them beautifully engraved and inlaid, and they have been bravely used against Turks and Bolsheviki alike.

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We reach the shore. My temporary charges are loaded on wagons and depart for an unknown destination. Unhappy Russia!

[*Svobodnyia Mysli* (Paris Liberal Russian Newspaper), *November 29, 1920*]

THE REDS IN SEBASTOPOL

[The following account of the arrival of the Reds in Sebastopol, the largest city in Crimea, is told by a refugee from that city, who remained over after Wrangel's withdrawal and escaped several days after the Red occupation. He is now in Constantinople. It is interesting to note from this account that Bela Kun, the former Communist dictator of Hungary, is now the Commissar for the Red army on the southern front.]

THE first Red detachments entered Sebastopol on the morning of November 16. From the time when the French battleship, Waldeck-Russeau and the Russian warship Korniloff left the harbor, and up to the time when the Reds came in, the whole city was at the mercy of mobs, which robbed and marauded without cessation. Warehouses, stores, and even private dwellings were looted. A party of marauders broke into the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, and finding nothing there, perforated the altar and the icons with bullets.

Budonny's cavalry reached the city ahead of the main forces. His soldiers look well fed and are well dressed. Immediately upon entering the city, the cavalry scattered in small detachments. Soon after that shots were heard in many quarters. The soldiers were ordered to deal summarily with the marauders: caught in the act, the latter were either shot or sabered on the spot.

By noon the infantry began to enter the city. The Moscow 'Red Cadets,' the Lettish battalion, and the Lenin Communist Regiment were among the first to arrive. After occupying the port and all the government buildings, the Red command immediately sent detachments to different parts of the city for the purpose of finding and arresting the 'Whites.' The orders were to search all houses. The Red soldiers broke into dwellings and apartments, demanding passports. Some of those searched were let alone; others were taken out into the street and shot on the spot. No exceptions were made even for women and children.

In the meantime, the Sebastopol War-Revolutionary Committee, which was formed at the time of the evacuation, issued a series of orders concerning the life of the city. The inhabitants were forbidden to go out after six o'clock; all Don currency was declared null and void; all arms were ordered immediately delivered to the authorities; all 'Whites' were ordered given up. By the evening of the same day, an Extraordinary Commission was organized, headed by Zavyalo-Bestuzhe, a member of the Moscow Extraordinary Commission, sent to Crimea for the purpose of organizing the work of terror there.

All that night Red soldiers roamed through the streets of the city. Every person in a military uniform was seized, and if signs of removed epaulets were visible on his shoulders, he was immediately killed. Many civilians were also killed that night. Only those were not touched who had in their possession documents proving that they were originally inhabitants of Crimea.

On November 18, Colonel Kameff, the soviet Commander-in-Chief, and Bela Kun, the Commissar for the southern front, arrived in Sebastopol, which was already full of soldiers and sailors. Kameneff remained in the city only a few hours, leaving in the direction of Kerch, where the Reds were still fighting the remnants of the Cossacks.

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On the following day, the 'unloading' of Crimea began. The Red authorities gathered over 400 officers, who had escaped death during the preceding three days, at the railroad station, placed them in freight cars and sent them north. Their fate is unknown. All the refugees from the northern and central provinces were rounded up, divided into groups of men and of women and children, and sent to their original homes in charge of the Extraordinary Commission.

Several hundred citizens were ordered to remove the corpses which were piled high in some streets, particularly Yekaterininskaya and Nakhimovsky Prospect. The corpses were moved and piled on the piers, from which they were to be loaded in boats for removal to the open sea. But there were no boats available for this, so that the authorities requisitioned row boats and used them for removing the corpses. The dead bodies were thrown into the water quite near the shore.

Until November 20, no one was allowed to leave Sebastopol. The Red soldiers told us that the same thing happened in all the other cities of Crimea. They also said that in Alushta all the wounded soldiers found were killed by the Bolsheviki. Nothing is known of the fate which befell the wounded remaining in Sebastopol.

The author of this account left Sebastopol in a row boat on the night of the 21st. He was picked up in the open sea by one of the Allied battleships. Many persons who could not escape from Crimea sought refuge in the mountains; special detachments have been sent to hunt them down.

As far as food supplies are concerned, Sebastopol is in a very precarious situation. All stocks have been requisitioned by the authorities. Private trade has been prohibited. No food products are to be gotten anywhere. The warehouses which escaped being looted are being rapidly emptied of their products, which are shipped north.

Many buildings in Sebastopol were burned down. Among them was the building of the Taurida Zemstvo, which was destroyed in spite of strong protests made by the Revolutionary Committee; for the latter had absolutely no power until the arrival of the Red troops.

[*Le Populaire* (Paris Moderate Socialist Daily), *December 10, 1920*]

THE BERN MANIFESTO

[This is the text of the manifesto adopted by the Bern International last December. It gives the programme of the Socialist Centre; and its criticism of the programmes of the Socialist Right, represented by the so-called Second International, and of the Socialist Left, represented by the Third or Communist International, makes it a convenient — though naturally not unbiased — summary of the platforms and tactics of all three Socialist groups.]

During the World War the decisive battle for political power began between the proletariat and bourgeoisie.

The first result of the war was to establish a world-wide hegemony of English and American capitalism, which delegates its authority in Europe to French militarism and in the Orient to Japanese militarism. Victory has for the moment solidified the power of the capitalist class in the conquering countries, and has aggravated the oppression of the working classes in those countries.

There has resulted a system of world control hostile to the proletarian revolution in Central and Eastern Europe, and to the aspirations toward liberty cherished by the oppressed nations and the inhabitants of the colonies.

The conquerors are trying to destroy the Russian soviet Republic, the

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advance guard of the Social Revolution, by blockade and military intervention. They are taking advantage of the economic dependence in the conquered nations of Central Europe to check the spread of proletarian revolution. They are utilizing the counter revolutionary forces of bloody Hungary, Poland, and Roumania, as mercenaries, not only against soviet Russia but also against the proletariat of Central Europe. They are supporting counter revolution in Germany, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia. They are threatening a blockade to prevent a revolution in Italy. They force every little government by economic reprisals and financial jugglery to forward their designs. They are strangling the struggle for freedom in the Orient in floods of blood.

But this capitalist hegemony is coming into increasing conflict with the imperative interests of the proletarian masses of the victorious countries themselves.

By blockading Russia and destroying the economic structure of Central Europe through an unjust peace, the larger part of Europe has been eliminated from the world market. Thereby not only are the people in Central and Eastern Europe ruined materially, and their minds and hearts persuaded to promote nationalist and counter revolutionary movements, but the industries of Western Europe and America are deprived of important markets for their goods, and subjected to a business crisis bringing idleness to millions of workers.

So the producing population of western countries face suffering because in the rest of Europe a multitude of proletarians work for inadequate wages; and as a consequence of this, the standard of living must inevitably fall throughout Western Europe and America.

Face to face with such a situation it is necessary to summon the workingmen of every land to struggle for the immediate inauguration of Socialism. The proletariat must perfect its own programme, opposed to that of the capitalists.

The first object of this programme should be to defend vigorously soviet Russia against the western capitalist powers; to checkmate the counter-revolutionist intrigue of French imperialism in Central Europe; to break the chains by which revolutionary movements in every country are held down by imperialist conquerors; to succor oppressed nations and colonial peoples who are fighting for their liberty against capitalism; to unite at all cost revolutionary forces of the whole world against imperialism.

This task cannot be fulfilled by the world proletariat, unless it does so unite on a platform of revolutionary Socialism, with an unshakable determination to fight, and complete readiness to contribute its strength to a powerful international organization. At the present time the proletariat does not possess such an organization.

The World War destroyed the Second International. That body did not fail because it was too weak to prevent a war, which was the logical outcome of capitalism, but because Socialist Parties took different sides, shoulder to shoulder with rival groups of capitalists, instead of joining their forces to make war impossible. They thus made themselves helpless to prevent that calamity.

This defeat of the Socialist Party provoked hatred and created distrust, thus dividing the working classes of different countries and destroying the Second International, which has ceased to exist.

The organization which now bears the title of the Second International is

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merely a group of reformists and chauvinists interested in international labor movements. Men holding these views advise the proletariat to employ only democratic and parliamentary agencies of reform, in utter disregard of the different conditions in different countries, their unequal degree of evolution, and the historical precedents which control their particular revolutionary class struggles. This amounts to abandoning the revolutionary idea and adopting a policy of purely ministerial reform, through which they think they can attain Socialism. The men who advocate this policy are the very ones who in the course of the War did most to undermine the reciprocal confidence of the working people of different countries.

This so-called Second International is unable to bring about a union of the proletariat, but is on the contrary an obstacle in the way of such a union.

The Communist (or Moscow) International has taken the name of the Third International. It has therefore asserted the right to take up and conclude the historical task of the Second International. But the Moscow International is in fact up to the present merely an assemblage of Communist parties. It can never become more than that, so long as it adheres strictly to the resolutions adopted at its second Moscow Congress.

The Communist International seeks to impose upon the workingmen's parties of other countries the stereotyped methods which the Bolsheviki have followed in the proletarian and peasant revolutions in Russia. That body fails to consider the diversity of conditions under which the class struggle occurs in different parts of the world, nor the fact that our tactics must be governed by contingencies of time and place. It seeks to destroy the autonomy of Socialist Parties, which alone are in a position to judge intelligently the conditions under which they must pursue their ends in their own country. It seeks to subject the working classes of the whole world to an international committee possessing unlimited powers, and to impose upon them a form of organization evolved from the peculiar constitution of Russian society. It consciously and intentionally labors to destroy Socialist Parties which refuse to submit to its dictation.

This Moscow International endeavors to subordinate trade unions to political organizations, and to destroy the International Trade Union Alliance, which is at the present moment the only society actually uniting the working people of every country of the world. It seeks to replace a federative movement, accommodating itself to the practical necessities of each country, by a centralized sectarian movement, directed by a central committee according to a single inflexible plan.

It follows from this that the Communist International cannot possibly unite the proletariat of the world.

The international class struggle, rendered inevitable by proletarian world policies and by revolutionary Socialism can be carried on successfully only by an organization which permits the working classes of each country to fight ceaselessly against the control of their particular bourgeoisie. The methods and tactics they employ must be largely governed by the ripeness of each particular nation for revolution. So long as class conscious workers are a minority in a bourgeois state, they cannot limit their activities to the traditional tactics of trade unions and representative governments; neither can they follow a mechanically imposed plan of campaign which might be appropriate in a land

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where the workers and peasants have reached a stage of active revolutionary revolt.

Whenever a proletariat acquires control of a government, it must of necessity employ dictatorial measures if the bourgeoisie sabotages the government or revolts against it. Such dictatorship, or in other words the employment of the powers of the state in the hands of the proletariat to crush the opposition of the bourgeoisie to the introduction of Socialism, is a transitory condition accompanying the change from a capitalist to a Socialist régime. The form that this dictatorship will assume will depend in every country upon local economic, political, and social conditions. If the proletariat gains power by democratic measures, a dictatorship will be necessary only in case the bourgeoisie attempts forcible resistance.

Should democracy be destroyed by the bitterness of class antagonism, this dictatorship will be exercised, during the period when the violence of the conflict is at its height, by proletarian organizations. The latter may be committees of workingmen and peasants, trade unions, shop committees, autonomous local governments, or other class societies, according to conditions and precedents in each country. Not only the inauguration and duration of such a temporary dictatorship, but also the ultimate form assumed by proletarian democracy, will depend on local conditions in each country. In the same way that the bourgeois revolution assumed a different character in different lands, the proletarian revolution will have different features according to the development of capitalism in each nation.

Representatives of the following parties assembled in a preliminary convention, have agreed upon these general principles, inspired with the spirit of revolutionary Marxism, at Bern, on the seventh of December, 1920:

German Independent Socialist Party; Austrian Social Democrat Party; English Independent Labor Party; Socialist Party of France; German Social Democrat Party of Czecho-Slovakia; Swiss Socialist Party; Socialist Party of the United States of America; Labor Social Democrat Party of Russia.

[*Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Liberal Nationalist Daily), *November 14, 1920*]

A TRIP TO ROUMANIA

BY LEO SLEZAK

[The author is a member of the former Royal Opera Company of Vienna and has sung in Grand Opera in London and Berlin. He was also 'Concert Singer by Command' to Emperor Franz Joseph.]

I PASS over my experiences in getting a passport for Roumania; for they would be an oft-told tale. I will begin with the answer of the porter when I asked him what tip he expected. He replied with a sunny smile: 'The kind gentleman will surely understand.' I thereupon pressed a sum in his hands, which in the old days would have represented the honorarium for a night's

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opera engagement, whereupon he courteously, but emphatically, called my attention to the fact that a goulash costs fifty crowns. When I explained to him that I was not interested in that, because I could not eat goulash on account of the amount of pepper it contained, he departed sullenly without bidding me adieu. He was most ill-natured about it.

We installed ourselves in a second-class car in what was called an exclusively first-class express train, which took us the first stage of our journey.

Until we reached the suburbs everything went merrily. The conductor looked at our tickets, and I laid my head back in a corner to get a wink of sleep. 'Tickets please!'—'But I have just shown them'—'I am the train inspector'—'Aha! Beg pardon!'

We had just passed the Semmering when a man armed to the teeth and equipped with all the latest devices of modern warfare stepped up to the door of my compartment and shouted, 'Customs inspection.' I modestly objected that we were still in Austria and asked why we had customs inspection there. The curt reply was, 'Open your luggage! . . . Steiermark!' So well and good. The man inspected my luggage, turned everything topsy-turvy, and departed. I packed my things up again carefully and locked them. Only a minute or two later, another warrior, apparently in full array for a turn in the trenches, appeared and shouted through the door: 'Customs inspection!'

'But I have just ——' 'No matter. Open your luggage!' So the thing was done over again. The man scribbled away for quite a time in a memorandum book and departed content. He had hardly left before two gentlemen in civilian clothing, except for their old-time officers' caps, appeared at the window of the compartment and demanded our passports. They inspected these, wrote various comments upon them, and then asked me to show my pocketbook. I survived even that. Then a second train inspector appeared to take a new accounting of our tickets, and to see that the former conductor had punched them properly.

Hardly had he left when a gentleman in a very imposing uniform opened the door and thundered at us: 'Thirty crowns, please!'—'What for?'—'Official fee.'—'Official fee for what?'—'Customs inspection.' In spite of my protest that I had not asked for a customs inspection, I had to pay the thirty crowns.

They gave me a receipt. I stuck it away in my pocketbook with some satisfaction, for it always gives a person a comfortable feeling to get some return for his money. I had hardly put it out of sight, however, when a gentleman with three unexploded hand grenades hanging from his belt stuck his head in the window and said, 'Customs inspection receipts!' So I had to give up the receipt I had just bought; but in return the man pasted a little green ten crown stamp on my passport, so I got something after all.

That passport had remarks scribbled upon it by each of the armed gentlemen in succession, the last one always commenting that his predecessors had done it wrong.

I avoided either approving or contradicting that assertion, for I was unarmed myself.

Before we reached Graz, they took away my passport altogether telling me that someone had forgotten to make certain entries. I chased through the train from one end to the other, hunting for it, and thereby afforded a welcome little interlude of entertainment for my fellow travelers. They laughed at me.

Finally we got to a real frontier —

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Yugoslavia — at Maribor. I had sung in the opera there some years ago, when the place was still named Marburg, and recalled the dear, attractive, old town with a pang of regret.

A new corps of warriors appeared on the scene here, in different costumes, and again inspected everything. However, they were not quite so heavily armed as those of my own country, and they were also much more courteous. In general, I must admit that, after leaving our own frontiers, things went more smoothly.

However, between Vienna and Laibach, I had dealings first and last with eighteen different officials and inspectors. At that town we had to change to the Simplon-Orient Express.

A cosmopolitan atmosphere pervaded this train. People spoke every conceivable language and paid for things in francs. Practically all currencies were accepted in exchange. So far as I know, they would have taken even wampum; but they rejected our thousand crown notes with a pitying smile. It was a sad incident.

Finally, two days later, we reached Bucharest. A city so full of life and all sorts of mysterious goings on captivated us. It is called 'little Paris' and justifies the title. I gazed with delight upon the crowds thronging *Calea Victoriei*, upon the marvelously beautiful women dressed in the latest Paris fashions; upon the luxurious automobiles with their rubber tires, or carriages drawn by magnificent Russian horses. The only disturbing note is the way women blessed with such beauty by nature disguise themselves with paint until they completely conceal their real features.

We were shown to the rooms reserved for us at the Continental Hotel. It was eleven in the evening, but things were as lively as they used to be on a summer holiday afternoon in an old-time Prater sausage restaurant. Hucksters were shouting every conceivable kind of goods and newspapers. Automobiles were chugging and trumpeting and letting out siren shrieks. Dogs were being trod upon and yelping. The orchestra in the hotel garden was playing in competition with a gypsy band in the adjoining restaurant. The whole racket fused into a sort of devil's symphony. I was deafened and nearly driven crazy by the din. I could not close my window, for the town was baking in the oven heat of mid-summer. Abundance and extravagance were everywhere in evidence. Roumania is a land blessed with great wealth, disposing of bountiful natural resources, and enriched by the war.

In the shops, the shelves fairly bent under their burden of luxuries, but at prices which make them worth almost their weight in gold. And strangely enough, the richest and most tasteful articles come from Vienna — our poor, destitute, impoverished Vienna.

I wanted to buy a few trifles. The clerk quoted prices which, when converted into our currency, nearly gave me heart failure. The proprietor happened to be an acquaintance of mine, and told me confidentially: 'You had better buy that in Vienna. You will get it cheaper. I get all my goods from Vienna.'

People here esteem highly whatever comes from Austria — except its money.

Every seat for my concerts had been sold. The houses were crowded to the limits. The audiences were most cordial and appreciative and they followed with intelligence and sympathy the most delicate phrasings of our German songs. It is significant that in the midst of Italian and French arias, Schubert's *Du bist die Ruhe* was received with a storm of enthusiasm, and more applause than any other piece rendered.

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Students play an important rôle in Bucharest and exercise real influence. Hundreds of them crowded in front of the entrance to the hall where I sang, trying to enter without paying. Fifty soldiers were stationed in front. A regular fight started, in which the military were defeated; and when the concert began, half or three-quarters of an hour later, the students were in possession of the hall, filling every nook and corner and shouting their applause.

Moreover, the students have protested effectively against many conditions which they believe wrong. They are real masters here and are regarded as such. No impresario or director could succeed in Bucharest if the students were against him.

A successful artist will find his engagements in Bucharest a delight and an ever-pleasant memory. I have seldom seen audiences who showed such deep and intelligent appreciation of art and artists, whether singers or instrumentalists. The latter are flattered and fairly spoiled by hospitality and attentions.

An interesting personal experience was an invitation to dinner with a real Roumanian family. What seemed to me a countless array of dishes containing most delectable dainties was arranged on a sideboard in the apartment where we were received. First came *pastrama*, small pieces of mutton grilled with *zuika*, a kind of native rum. This *pastrama* has a marvelous flavor. But a person eating it for the first time cannot swallow it. He chews it and chews it like a piece of American gum, first in one cheek and then in the other, without knowing what to do with it. It is an embarrassing situation, because the *pastrama* is served in the reception room and you are expected to talk while you are eating it. I received my portion in an unguarded moment while conversing with an enchanting girl in a pompadour. Then we went into the dining room. One course followed the other. One eats—at first in an inquiring spirit, because the dishes are all novel, and later because he likes his food — for three or four hours. At the conclusion, the hostess apologizes for the simple fare, explaining that the occasion is intended merely to be an informal, intimate little dinner affording an opportunity to discuss music and other immaterial things with the artist.

My Roumanian comrades elected me a member of their official organization, the *Scena*. I sang Radames part in *Aïda* for three nights at their National Theatre, which is a charming building, decorated in the best of taste. The programme began at nine o'clock and ended at two in the morning. During the whole week in which I made these three appearances, I was up every night until sunrise.

The local opera is still a new organization, but its members are working with the utmost enthusiasm and artistic earnestness. The production of *Aïda*, under an Italian director, Masini, was most brilliant. One interesting feature is that every regular actor and singer on the staff of the National Theatre is a shareholder in the enterprise.

The government provides the building; the municipality furnishes light and a liberal subsidy. From fifteen per cent to twenty per cent of the receipts of every concert given in Bucharest goes to the National Theatre. The result is that the actors are well paid.

We also visited an operetta theatre, where we saw a very good presentation, though the pleasure of the occasion was destroyed for me personally. I was seated in the director's box, and observed that many of the figures on the stage wore familiar uniforms. The director bowed to me and said with

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pride that they were uniforms of the former Austrian Imperial Archers Body Guard, the most aristocratic military organization of the old Dual Monarchy. These uniforms consisted partly of magnificent panther skins with heavy silver trappings and the director had bought them in Vienna from a speculator in theatrical costumes. The sight made me so sick at heart that I took the first opportunity to excuse myself, and returned to my hotel and went sadly to bed.

My tour through the country was not very comfortable. Trains were as over-crowded as they are in Austria. Hundreds of people journeyed on the roofs of the cars. There were incredible delays, due to the coal shortage and defective locomotives. I was impressed with the fact that the whole world is a wreck. Victors and vanquished alike seem to be equally the sufferers.

Of the Roumanian provincial towns, Galatz interested me most. It is a half Oriental city, without street lights and sadly damaged by bombardments, situated upon a height overlooking the Danube, which is here ten times as broad as at Vienna, and has become a brown soupy looking stream making one wonder how the term 'blue' ever came to be applied to it.

Galatz is now the principal commercial port of greater Roumania, and all the merchants of the country get their goods here. Business is consequently booming. Hotels are conducted on what I imagine must be the methods customary before the flood. Unless a guest is an extraordinarily active, alert, and vigorous man, his fate is sealed. He will be eaten up by his fellow-lodgers before daylight. There is no method of illumination but candles. A short stay in Galatz is apt to destroy completely any romantic longings a person may have previously cherished for 'the good old days' of our ancestors. Hundreds of ownerless dogs slink through the streets, picking up garbage, whining with hunger, and kicked at by every passer by. It is a painful sight for a man who loves animals. The thought that I might never again have an opportunity to visit Galatz was saddening in so far as it reminded me that I was mortal; but it was not unendurable.

Braila is also a town that appeals to one's sympathies. You journey for three quarters of an hour after leaving the railway station through interminable sprawling streets. On either hand are squatty, unimposing houses, each exactly like its neighbor. Finally we reach the 'Hotel Splendid' where we are to stop. The name of this hostelry has no association whatever with the character of the establishment. My concert at this place was very slimly attended. It was the only instance of the kind in Roumania. The gentleman who had it in charge explained that the citizens of Braila only attend the movies. I yawned in competition with the empty row of seats. It seems to me a geographical error to have located Braila on the Danube. If I should ever chance to die in the place, I shall have inserted in the very first clause of my last will and testament directions for burying me at least as far away as Galatz.

Later we returned via Bucharest to Transylvania. At Klausenburg a general strike surprised us; but the military authorities stifled the thing on the spot, so that it dwindled out to a waiters' strike. Every guest at the hotel had to go to the kitchen in person with his tray to get his food. The army saw that water, light, and railway service were continued, although the trains ran on reduced schedules. A person could not travel unless he had a military permit, and during our journey military guards accompanied us.

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Between Grosswarden and Arad there is what purports to be excellent automobile service. They have painted up some old, dilapidated 'flivvers' and are operating them as luxury vehicles. We were six. So we rented one of these remodeled 'flivvers' for the equivalent of twenty-one thousand crowns, and rattled away for four hours enveloped in a cloud of dust and gasoline smoke over a wonderful rolling landscape broken by gulleys of varying, but mostly intimidating depths. Before we reached our destination, my manager had seriously bitten his tongue, my pianist had received a jolt against the roof of the vehicle which nearly fractured his skull, and my wife and daughter were so bruised that they required poultices and bandages. All these experiences were thrown in without additional charge.

At Arad, I discovered one of the finest concert halls I have ever seen. It is in the Civic Auditorium. The building itself, the rooms for the artists, and all the equipment are simply marvelous.

And so our journey continued with repetitions of already familiar experiences and incidents until our return to Vienna. When the old porter there again brought my luggage to our cab, and again impressed upon me the fact that a goulash costs fifty crowns, I calculated the sum back into Roumanian money and remarked, 'Heavens, how cheap!'

[*The English Review* (Liberal Monthly), *December, 1920*]

THE FIGHT AGAINST CHEAPNESS

BY SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

It was unfortunately to be expected that falling prices would be resented and resisted by business men. From the commercial point of view things are 'better' when prices rise, although that rise may mean a shortage of supply, just as they are 'weak' or 'worse' when prices fall, although that fall may mean a happy revival of plenty.

Let it be said at once that it is unnecessary and indeed unfair to cast blame in the matter upon undividual traders. The system under which we conduct work inevitably leads to undesirable manifestations against the public good. It is all very well for a critic not engaged in a particular industry to cavil at attempts to maintain price by reducing or withholding supplies; the individual trader who is criticized sees himself as one who has embarked his private fortunes in a trade, and who has an inalienable right to profit by it. Individual gain is his incentive, it is true, but has it not been declared that no other motive can serve to give the world the commodities it needs? Those alone who challenge the conception of production for profit are entitled to criticize the fight against plenty, and they bring their accusation not against the fortunate or unfortunate captains of private industry, but against the curious game which is played with the products of work for pawns.

The position which obtains in tea and in rubber is an object lesson in the anti-social character of the world's existing organization of production and distribution. As I write (at the opening of November, 1920) rubber has fallen to about one half its pre-war price, while tea is selling at a price not much above that of 1914.

How excellent these price movements appear from the point of view of the public good. Rubber is a raw material which is needed for far more purposes than the mere supply of tires for that most efficient engine of social discontent, the motor-car. The public at large needs cheap rubber for omnibus and electrical services, bicycles, cloth-

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ing, and many other purposes. A sane economy would welcome plentiful rubber as a great industrial blessing calculated to stimulate industry and to spread comfort. Let us see what our existing economy makes of the matter.

The heavy fall in rubber prices (from about 3*s.* per pound at the end of 1919 to about 1*s.* 3*d.* as I write) has been treated as a misfortune—almost as a disaster. The British rubber planters put their heads together and solemnly resolved to reduce output. Their combination for such purposes, known as the Rubber Growers' Association, realized that foreign aid must be called in if their attempt to create dearness was to succeed. Negotiations were accordingly opened with the body known as the International Association for Rubber Growing in the Dutch East Indies. A council of war followed at The Hague (October 9), and 'almost unanimously,' as the newspaper report has it, the British and Dutch resolved to reduce production by 25 per cent in the near future, a fact which happily makes for the peace of nations by disposing of the peculiar sting of the well-known couplet:

> In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little and asking too much.

The rubber restriction scheme became operative on November 1. The commercial column of the *Times* observed that 'this unprecedented display of coöperation among rubber-growers is a development which contains interesting possibilities for the future,' which was to say a true thing.

As with rubber, so with tea. In 1913 the average price of imported tea was 9*d.* per pound. In 1914–1916, the British tea trade sent away enormous quantities of tea to neutral traders who, in turn, gleefully sent it on to Germany, with whom we were then at war. (In 1914, 30,650,000 pounds; in 1915, 26,600,000 pounds; in 1916, 19,000,000 pounds were exported from the United Kingdom to European countries other than Russia.) In 1916 there was a consequent tea shortage and the average import price rose rapidly, with an average for the year of 1*s.* 2½*d.* In December, 1919, the average auction price was as high as 1*s.* 10*d.* Now it is under 1*s.*, which should be cause for much rejoicing, for here is an article whose price directly affects the comfort of the poor. What do the tea planters make of the situation?

Their conduct has been exactly the same as that of the rubber planters. The committee of the Indian Tea Association met at the end of September and passed the following resolution:

> That the Committee recommend that the crop for this year be restricted to not more than 90 per cent of the average crops produced in the years 1915 to 1919, or, as an alternative, that proprietors should cease plucking on November 15, 1920. Further, that the crop for 1921 be limited to not more than 80 per cent of the average crops produced in the five years 1915 to 1919 inclusive, provided that the proposed reduction for the year 1921 is supported by at least 85 per cent of the industry.

The Ceylon Tea Association also quickly arrived at the conclusion that it was necessary to create an artificial tea famine to save the weaker members of the trade and to maintain the industry in profit. Producing tea is all very well, but by the tricks of trade it must bow to the making of profit.

It is curious to observe that not a word of criticism of these attempts to fight cheapness by curtailing output has appeared in any of the organs which have for the past two years screamed at the British workman for not producing more. More production has become a parrot cry, but it is directed not to those who condition output but to the humble working units

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of production who wield neither capital nor managing power. The only exceptions in the press that I know of have been in the *Daily News* and in that very interesting weekly *Ways and Means*. The latter, in an outspoken criticism, points out to 'Capital' (by which, doubtless, is meant Capitalism, not at all the same thing) that if 'Labor must give up the policy of restriction of output. . . . Capital must return to more moderate and more sensible ideas as to an adequate rate of profit.' And it adds with much point, 'How is it possible to lecture labor on limitation and ca' canny when this sort of thing is going on?'

Unfortunately, Capitalistic ca' canny is at work in many more connections than tea and rubber. Timber, so necessary to the vitally important housing industry, is held up by North European combinations, who have us at their mercy because British private enterprise saw in past years no profit in a crop so long a-growing. Paper pulp, and therefore paper also, are consequently affected. Cotton, which has been the subject of an enormous price inflation, accompanied by the ingathering of profits beyond the dreams of avarice, is being worked upon by the American cotton planters, whose methods are more summary and less civilized than those of the tea or rubber growers.

On October 16, the *Morning Post* published an article from its special correspondent at Washington which opened thus:

> Owing to the general fall in prices the South is facing a cotton war. In several of the cotton districts of Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina organized bands of men known as night-riders are posting notices on cotton gins warning their proprietors to stop ginning cotton, merchants from handling staples, and negroes from picking it until cotton reaches 1*s.* 8*d.* the pound, the present price being about 10*d.* Any defiance of the warning is to be punished by death. The gin-owners fear that their property will be burned, and have placed it under a heavy guard, and negroes are terrified and refuse to work. State officials have been called upon for protection, and steps are being taken to suppress violence.
>
> The economic life of the South is bound up in cotton. Since the beginning of the war the South has enjoyed unexampled prosperity because of the world's demand for cotton, but with the general fall in price the South has felt the pinch, and now, it is asserted, it faces ruin, as cotton cannot be profitably produced at 10*d.* per pound.

These extraordinary efforts have apparently succeeded. Cotton has sharply recovered, and as I write is quoted (for 'fully middling,' as the curious trade term has it) 1*s.* 6*d.* a pound. This may be compared with the 2*s.* 7*d.* per pound of last December and the 7*d.* or so of 1913.

As far as I have been able to discover, the American cotton hold-up has elicited no comment in the press here. And there is no cessation in the 'output' of printed matter which attributes high prices to high wages, or to the printing of Treasury Notes, or to the Excess Profits Duty, or to the inherent folly and wickedness of the British workman, or to the number of British officials, or to a Chancellor of the Exchequer who has ventured to stand up to Capitalistic associations.

Rarely, as in the case of *Ways and Means* already quoted, the voice of reason asserts itself. I see that Mr. Gary, the president of the great United States Steel Trust, which controls an industry enormously greater than that of the whole of the iron and steel industries of Britain and France put together, has declared that he 'recognizes the necessity for a downward revision of prices.' Indeed, that necessity imperiously exists. The shake-out must come, and the sooner it is over the better. The fight against cheapness is a fight against plenty, against industrial health, against social con-

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tent. The price of iron and steel and its 10,000 ultimate products is a hindrance to all activity. In 1913 pig-iron — at the top of a trade boom — was at £2 10*s.* a ton. It is now £11 17*s.* 6*d.*, or twice the price reached after the Franco-German war. From steel rails to guttering for a workman's cottage, and from boiler plates to gas stoves, current prices adversely affect every movement, every industry, every social endeavor.

The great American trade journal, the *Iron Age*, is also among the prophets. It agrees with Mr. Gary that prices must come down. 'For what purpose,' it asks, 'has heavy production been urged as an economic remedy except that prices may be brought down? While that in itself is sufficient rejoinder, the fallacy of the argument may be seen from an entirely different angle. What is one man's finished product is another man's raw material. Suppose the Connellsville coke operator should claim, as he has no thought of claiming, that it is good for the country that coke should be selling at twenty times the price it brought in 1894, because that "tends to stimulate production." The blast furnaceman would rejoin that the high price of coke is retarding production, that is, production of pig-iron. He might add that high prices for pig-iron "stimulate production," whereas the foundryman would remark that high-priced pig-iron is discouraging the production of castings.'

But such utterances are exceptional. For the most part the master producers are resisting price revision by every means in their power. Capitalizations have been largely rewritten upon the fancy profits of inflation. A decline in prices is viewed as an intolerable evil. Commercial writers are tempted to speak of the position as 'improved' when price ceases to fall or when it reacts, and to back the many schemes for withholding commodities from a world whose economic sickness is a matter of under-production at high prices. The policy of 'Price Guaranties' has made its appearance both here and in America. A firm of iron and steel tubing manufacturers publicly offers a guaranty to its customers that if they will buy at such-and-such a price it will not sell similar material cheaper before some date in 1921.

What a sorry muddle it all is! The world of after-the-war, so far from being further advanced in dealing with its material resources than in 1914, is practising the same commercial follies as of old, but under conditions which make their application the more crude and the more fraught with danger and suffering. Commercial science does not exist and cannot exist. There is no possible means of reducing the interaction of opposing greeds to a sweet reasonableness and order. The follies are inherent in the game as played. Higher price is the 'economist's' recognized road to a greater production. In practice it is a blind alley.

The secrets of production have been so far solved that the world may easily have plenty of all desirable commodities if it will concern itself with the organization of production for production's sake. If, however, it is content that the masses of mankind should remain the pawns of production for profit under commercial conditions, it must be content also to witness the frustration of production and the continuous succession of 'booms' and 'slumps' which mark the clumsy adjustment of the profits and losses of the industrial *condottieri*.

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MAXIM GORKY'S CARD PARTY

BY ARKADY AVERCHENKO

We common folk are so made that we dislike extremely all abstract things. We want things to be concrete, so that we can see them, touch them with our hands, and maybe even smell them or lick them with our tongues to feel whether they are sweet or sour. Only then can we understand what they are like.

Take me, for example. No matter how many able accounts and monographs of history I had read about Catherine the Second and her minister, Potemkin, I could never picture to myself what kind of persons they were in flesh and blood. The historic recitals of all their actions and deeds never touched me a bit, never excited my imagination. But I did picture both of them before me when I read just a few lines about them written in quite a different vein.

About Potemkin, I read as follows: 'A minute later, a man of majestic stature, dressed in a Hetman's uniform and yellow boots, entered the room, accompanied by a large retinue. His hair was disheveled; one of his eyes was slightly aslant; his face wore a haughty expression; while in all his motions one recognized a man used to giving orders.' And again, 'Potemkin remained silent and, with a carefree air, plied a little brush, polishing the diamonds of his numberless rings.'

And about Catherine the Second, 'At last, Vakula found courage to raise his head, and he beheld before him a woman, short in stature, somewhat stout, with powdered cheeks and blue eyes, her whole countenance wreathed in a majestic smile. "The Prince has promised to show me my people whom I have never seen as yet," the lady with blue eyes was saying, as she gazed at the Cossacks with frank curiosity.' And further on, 'The Empress, who really had most shapely and beautiful feet, could not but smile when she heard such a compliment from the lips of a simple-minded blacksmith.'

There are just a few details, a few apparently unimportant brush strokes in these descriptions, and yet, the two figures rise out of them and stand before me as if they were alive.

At the present time, the two most interesting figures in Russia are, beyond any doubt, Lenin and Trotzky. And next to them in interest are two other figures, Gorky and Lunacharsky. But how can we picture these men to ourselves, concretely, since they are live men who walk, and talk, and eat, and love?

Surely, we cannot imagine them as they are from Trotzky's speeches at the Central Executive Committee, or from Gorky's or Lunacharsky's bloodless and thoroughly uninteresting articles. When we judge of them from that, they really appear to us like the characters of popular tales, who live in some infinitely removed realm, where abstract symbols wander noiseless and fleshless.

As far as I am concerned, I can picture to myself what Trotzky or Lunacharsky is like only if I take the skeleton of one of those abstract symbols, cover it with flesh, bind it with sinews and blood vessels, draw a skin over it, send warm blood coursing through it, make it walk and speak. I can see Lenin better through a sentence like this, addressed to his servant, 'What shall I do with such a fool as you, Comrade Marfusha? You've again served the wine warm,' than through a whole declaration concerning the needs of the passing moment delivered before a hundred party fools. This is why I sometimes try for my own satisfaction to picture to myself how they live there.

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A perfectly reliable person recently arriving from soviet Russia, in telling how people live there, casually made the following remark:

'They are quite friendly with Gorky. Lunacharsky often comes to see him in the evenings, and they play cards. Trotzky comes, too, sometimes. They would have a drink, a bite to eat. Just as it used to be before.'

Enough! That's all I need. With two fingers I grasp this little bend of an edge and pull out into the light of day a whole concrete picture.

Maxim Gorky's library on a winter evening. Gorky paces back and forth over a thick carpet with long, noiseless strides. With every step, a long lock of his straight hair dances over his square forehead. His hands are in the pockets of his black coat, buttoned up to the chin. His whole appearance is pensive. On a sofa in the corner sits his wife, the actress Andreyeva who is now in charge of all the state theatres. She is knitting.

'What are you thinking about?' asks Madame Andreyeva.

'Oh, things in general. I saw a dead body to-day on the Mokhovaya; one could n't tell whether the man starved or froze to death. And people walked past with absolute indifference. No doubt many of them thought, "What does it matter? To-morrow it may be I, and other people will walk past with just as much indifference." Horrible, is n't it?'

'Do you expect anybody to-night?'

'Yes, Lunacharsky telephoned that he would come. And Trotzky promised to run in after the conference. By the way, have we anything in the house?'

'There's some cold veal. And I can have some macaroni prepared. Then there's some fish, and, of course, we can open up some canned things. There's a little cheese, too.'

'Any wine?'

'Nothing but the red. Not more than three bottles of port wine, I think. But there's still a big bottle of whiskey, the one you added lemon peels to. . . . Ah, Anatoly Vasilyevich! You ought to be ashamed of yourself for neglecting us like this. You have n't been here for three days now.'

Lunacharsky stood in the doorway, squinting his dark, near-sighted eyes, trying to reach with his tongue an icicle that hung from his reddish moustache, and rubbing his glasses that became moist the moment he entered the warm room from the cold street.

'What a cold,' he mumbled in his slightly hoarse baritone. 'Looks like at least twenty below. Yes, Holy Russia is rather cold to-night, he-he. Well, are we going to have a game to-night? Only if you 'll get the better of me the way you did the other night, I 'll simply have to refuse to play with you.'

'How is your wife?' asked Madame Andreyeva, folding her work and putting it away.

'Oh, a rather annoying thing happened to her. Last night she decided to walk home from the theatre; wanted to take a walk or something. Think of her wanting to do this, when we have two automobiles! Well, she stumbled over some dead body in the dark and fell down, bruising her whole shoulder. It's blue all over now.'

'Awful! She ought to have a compress.'

'Was it on the Mokhovaya?' asked Gorky pensively.

'What has the Mokhovaya got to do with it? It was way over on the other side. Is Lev Davdych (Trotzky) coming?'

'He promised to stop in after the conference. There is a fine player for you. A clever fellow, he is.'

'It's pretty warm here, though.'

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'Yes, Mary likes it to be that way. That is a habit she acquired back in Italy.'

'Anatoly Vasilyevich, I can tell you a piece of news that will really concern you. Our sugar is nearly all gone.'

'I have sixty pounds saved for you. And how was the flour I sent you yesterday?'

'Wonderful. Where did you manage to get it?'

'Oh, my Letts got it somewhere. Marvelously convenient fellows, these Letts are. They can get almost anything, right from under the ground. For instance, do you like real Little Russian sausage?'

'How can you ask such a question?'

'Fine. You'll have it to-morrow. Ah, and here is our Leon Drey. I can tell it by the horn of his automobile.'

Smartly moving his shoulders covered with a well-fitting uniform, Lev Davidych Trotzky entered the room. His clean-shaven cheeks were still frostbitten. His smart yellow leggings made merry noises every time he took a step.

'My dear Maria Fedorovna, your hand! Hello, fellows. Sorry to be late, but I had to go to that fire.'

'What fire? Where?'

'Over on the Glazovaya. These rascals are ready to burn houses to get warm. I had two of them arrested. They look like typical arson criminals.'

'But don't let us waste precious time,' mumbled Lunacharsky, glancing at his gold watch. 'By the way, Lev, do you remember about that old professor I told you about, the one who tried to organize a hunger rebellion on the Petrograd Side? Have they let him go?'

'Oh, yes, I remember. But unfortunately you asked too late about him. I called up the Extraordinary Commission people the very next day, but he had just been shot.'

'Oh, the Devil take you all! Why in thunder are you always in such confounded hurry? The old man could n't harm anybody. His three daughters died of typhoid, and he could n't last long, either. Oh, well. Whose turn is it to deal out? Yours, Alexey Maximych, is n't it? So. No, I don't need any, thank you. Suppose we start with the jack, eh? How do you like it? He-he. The whole five are mine.'

A maid entered the room.

'The cook asks whether she should heat up the veal?'

'No,' Gorky raised his head from his cards. 'Tell her to serve the meat cold, but to heat up the wine. And we want some pickles.'

Several minutes later, 'Step in, gentlemen, we'll have a bite. What will you have first, veal, fish, or macaroni? Have a glass of this whiskey; I prepared it with some lemon peels. It's fine now.'

Thus they live now, these good friends, who have cost Russia such an exorbitant price.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

NEWS FROM THE CAPITALS

MAJOR IAN HAY BEITH has been lecturing to British audiences on his tour experiences in America, and the *Times* thus reports his treatment of the thorny question of Anglo-American relations:

'The three barriers to an absolute understanding of one another,' said 'Ian Hay,' 'are (1) garbled history, (2) the Atlantic Ocean, (3) the fact that we possess a common language. Instead of a common language being a common bond, it is a common handicap, a common danger, and a common nuisance. It is far easier to start trouble with someone whose language one understands than with someone whose language one does not know. The difficulty of garbled history is now being partially overcome, for the school history books are being revised and the false impressions being removed from child minds. English people do not understand American town life — the equal of our provincial life. New York is merely an excrescence, for two thirds of America's population live in small towns. The outstanding features of American social life to-day are newly-married couples and Ford cars.

'The danger in America is the great mistake of gathering up all the peculiarities of a nation into a single individual. The typical Englishman (through American spectacles) is a rather drooping man, with a heavy moustache, dropped aitches, and a monocle in the right eye. The American is a born "booster," but the Englishman is a born "knocker," who likes to surround himself with a sense of self-depreciation. The Englishman habitually ridicules his own country, its institutions, and customs; refers disparagingly to his own relations; and thinks that the Empire is going to the dogs. England treats America with the patronizing air of an old gentleman; and America responds with the degenerate air of a small boy. But in fundamental things we are one, and individually we believe in liberty and justice. We hate tyranny, oppression, and ill-treatment, and love things that are clean, healthy, and of good report. Americans and Englishmen alike are idealists and sentimentalists.'

Reviving Paris

THE Bal Bullier recently opened its doors for the first time since the war. An immense crush of students, models, and all the population of the Latin Quarter assembled at the fête. Before the war the Bal Bullier was always a centre of gaiety of the Quarter, and many there were who would not believe that peace had really come until the old place had opened again.

Massed American bands added the only touch which Trilby and Little Billy would not have recognized in the motley throng which sang and danced, drank deep, and talked until the dawn.

In spite of the invasion of foreigners into Paris, the show was predominantly French, true to its decades of tradition.

Wheels

THE fifth 'cycle' of *Wheels*, the annual anthology of modern verse

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edited by the Sitwells, has just been issued in London. Mr. Osbert Sitwell thus confutes the ideal of the British Sabbath.

Each bird that whirls and wheels on high
Must strangle, stifle in, its cry,

For nothing that's of Nature born
Should seem so on the Sabbath morn.

The terrace glitters hard and white,
Bedaubed and flecked with points of light

That flicker at the passers-by —
Reproachful as a curate's eye.

And china flowers, in steel-bound beds,
Flare out in blues and flaming reds;

Each blossom, rich and opulent,
Stands like a soldier; and its scent

Is turned to camphor in the air
No breath of wind would ever dare

To make the trees' plump branches sway,
Whose thick, green leaves hang down to pray.

Miss Edith Sitwell can still give us a canticle as round and bright and hard and full of cunning colored twirls as the big, bouncing glass marbles beloved of little children. We become as little children when, for example, she trundles along the mood, all round and smooth and self-contained, of 'The Fat Woman':

I amble past, I muse and see
The placid world's rotundity
Made in my image, fat and round
And matronly; the shy rebound
Of space from contact seems to me
The most sincere of flattery —
A virtuous vacancy that thieves
All color from the world that lives —
Yields like my mind where nought can make
The least impression it will take.

As for Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, he writes such long poems that we can only give one of his dreams by a clothes-horse out of a night-mare to show there is no ill-feeling:

I was left hungry all that night,
No use to grumble till the light;
I went to bed and tried hard to sleep,
But was prevented by a thirst,
I dreamed of icebergs served with spoons
And felt a chagrin at their loss;
So hungry, so weary, the gold sky-signs
Sang of a sixpenny cure, for the world;
Just then I recovered, awoke, and remembered
The fresh light flooded the curtained room.

Wilde's Art-Teaching

THE final volume of Wilde's collected works (Metheuen edition) has just been issued. It is entitled *Art and Decoration* and sells for six shillings, six pence. Of this volume the *Athenæum* remarks:

'With this material in hand public opinion may be expected, within the next twenty years or so, to fix approximately Wilde's definitive place in literature; for there is nothing recondite in his work; its qualities and defects are on or very near the surface, and might have been coolly estimated long since but for the contingent circumstances.

'The final judgment cannot, we suppose, be very favorable.'

Mr. H. G. Wells's Play

IN the Reandean Company's announcement of its future plans, it was stated that the next production at the St. Martin's Theatre would be a new play by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. St. John Ervine. Mr. Wells, however, now writes to explain the exact situation with regard to the play.

I learn (he writes), that I have blossomed into a playwright. This is news to me. I know very little about the stage. I am incurious about it; I am quite sure I shall never be clever enough to write a play. But my friend, Mr. St. John Ervine, has made a play out of an early book of mine, and apparently he is modestly putting my name, or somebody is putting my name, before his own. It is *his* play.

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My share in it has been simply to supply the book, the original raw material so to speak, and afterward to spend three or four days with the real and only playwright, chiefly in a summer house, reading over the dialogue and making the most modest suggestions, which he accepted or rejected as he thought good. It seems to me that he has made a very ingenious and pleasing adaptation of my story, but I know practically nothing about this business.

Discoveries in Gethsemane

THE discovery of a very early Christian church in the Garden of Gethsemane has directed attention to the valuable work which is being carried out in Palestine under the direction of the newly-formed Department of Antiquities. Sir Herbert Samuel recognized from the outset of his career as British High Commissioner that the whole world was anxious that all possible care should be taken of the monuments, and every facility afforded for investigating the history of the Holy Land. He called to his aid the Director of the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem, who is now home once more after strenuous work which he has had the gratification of seeing bear fruit.

Excavations in the Garden of Gethsemane were begun by the Franciscans in the spring of last year, and they discovered a church of the thirteenth century. In digging the foundations for a new building on the spot they discovered traces of a much earlier church on a slightly different axis. They duly received permission to excavate this earlier building, which proved to be a church of about the fourth century and one of the oldest monuments of Christianity in Palestine. The whole of the outside wall can be traced, together with the two rows of columns which supported the aisles, and three apses, the central one being the largest. Here and there are well-preserved though small remains of the original mosaic floor.

The Franciscans have undertaken to preserve these remains in such a way that they will be permanently visible: even though a new church be built, it will be designed to enclose the old church, and steps will be taken to distinguish the outline of the ancient structure and to preserve the pavement and the bases of columns in a way that is quite satisfactory. The central apse of this building reaches out just beyond the modern limits of the garden toward the rocks which are usually associated with the Agony of Christ. It has been arranged that the work shall be completed by the Board of Antiquities on behalf of the government. Some architectural fragments, including columns with capitals in Corinthian style, came to light in the course of the excavation.

A Kipling Verse in Court

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them 'Hold on'—

THESE lines from Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, 'If' have been used by Genatosan, Ltd., to advertise their well-known nerve food.

Mr. Kipling brought an action before Mr. Justice Peterson in the Chancery Division to restrain the company from so using the quotation.

Mr. Hughes, K.C., said it was difficult to imagine anything more annoying to an author than the vulgarization of his work by association with the miserable claptrap of a patent medicine vendor. To a man with any literary sensibility, indeed, it was nothing less than a gross insult.

Mr. Alexander S. Watt, literary agent to Mr. Kipling, proved the pub-

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lication of 'If' in Mr. Kipling's work, *Rewards and Fairies*.

Cross-examined with regard to quotations from W. E. Henley, Tennyson, Lowell, and others, with which Mr. Kipling had prefaced tales in a book of short stories, Mr. Watt said that Mr. Kipling probably asked for permission to quote in some cases, if not in all. He was not aware that Mr. Kipling had 'even condescended to quote from Albert Chevalier's "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent-road."'

Mr. Douglas Hogg, K.C., for the defendant firm, submitted that quotation was justifiable by way of illustration in order to point a moral or adorn a tale, and that authors themselves were much given to it.

His lordship, giving judgment, said he was not surprised that Mr. Kipling should object to his work being put to this use. In this view, this was not a purpose for which the Copyright Act of 1911 permitted quotation, and even under the old law such use would not have been permissible. An injunction would be granted and 40*s*. damages.

A Chair of Logic

When the will of the late Dr. Charles Arthur Mercier came before the Probate Division of the London Courts, it was found that he had provided for the setting up of a Professional Chair of Rational Logic and the Scientific method. Dr. Mercier's work, by the way, is well known in the United States.

The scheme for the Professional Chair declared:

'The purpose of this foundation is that students may be taught not what Aristotle or someone else thought about reasoning, but how to think clearly and reason correctly, and to form opinions on rational grounds.'

The document proceeded:

'The better to provide that the teaching shall be of this character, and shall not degenerate into the teaching of rigid formulæ and worn-out superstitions, I make the following conditions:

'The professor is to be chosen for his ability to think and reason and to teach, and not for his acquaintance with books on logic, or with the opinions of logicians or philosophers.

'Acquaintance with the Greek and German tongues is not to be an actual disqualification for the professorship, but, in case the merits of the candidates appear in other respects approximately equal, preference is to be given first:

'To him who knows neither Greek nor German,

'Next, to him who knows Greek, but not German,

'Next, to him who knows German, but not Greek,

'Last of all, to a candidate who knows both Greek and German.

'The professor is not to devote more than one twelfth of his course of instruction to the Logic of Aristotle and the schools, nor more than one twenty-fourth to the logic of Hegel and other Germans.

'He is to proceed upon the principle that the only way to acquire an art is by practising it under a competent instructor. Didactic inculcation is useless by itself. He is, therefore, to exercise his pupils in thinking, reasoning, and scientific method as applied to other studies that the students are pursuing concurrently, and to other topics of living interest.

'Epistemology and the rational ground of opinion are to be taught. The students are to be practised in the art of defining, classifying, and the detection of fallacies and inconsistencies.'

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[*The Observer*]

AN INTERVIEW WITH MAX NORDAU

If Job or Hosea were alive to-day and crying out against man's lot and civilization, what would he be like and where and how would he live? As I climbed five steep flights of stairs in a tenement in Rue Henner, on the outskirts of Montmartre, to see Max Nordau, it seemed to me that these questions I was asking myself were about to be answered. For here is one of their race and kind, who, too, has been inveighing mightily against his day and generation. Only, instead of crying out in a market-place in Jerusalem — although, as one of the founders of Zionism, he has done much toward restoring Jerusalem to the Jews — he has written his diatribes with a pen and in German characters so fine that I had to take a magnifying glass to make out the letters; and his books, *Conventional Lies of Our Civilization* and *Degeneration*, have spoken in a score and more languages, in Tokio and London, Stockholm and New York. And now that he has rounded his three-score years and ten he is writing the last chapter of his life's message in *The Essence of Civilization*.

Although the house of Hapsburg has no love for Dr. Max Nordau's writings, the war has exiled him as an Austrian from his beloved Paris to Spain. When he returned to Paris, the housing crisis crowded his eight rooms of household effects into this modest five-room flat on the top floor of a 'walk-up' tenement.

Dr. Nordau is a shortish, square man in a well-worn tweed suit, youthful in color like himself. A dazzlingly white beard, vigorously parted, hides his throat and mounts to an upstanding fringe on his pink bald head. His long, intelligent nose and the bright lips of a crescent-shaped mouth look racial. The pinkness of his skin, the shining hazel eyes, and the vigor of his manner and speech — his English has the trace of accent and foreignism of the man who is at home with half a dozen languages — take no notice of seventy-odd years. With his capable, square-fingered hands on his thighs, as he swings from argument to argument, he also sways a little unconsciously, as the Talmud student does; and however pessimistic his message, there is a slight smile of enjoyment on his lips that comes from a mind richly working and at a case magnificently marshaled.

'What do you say in your new book?' I asked him.

'That the fruits of our civilization are discontent and pessimism,' he said. 'What Malthus said of the food supply in the future I believe of man's desires. While man's desires increase by multiplication, his means of satisfying them scarcely grow by addition. Take speed of travel, for instance. At first man was content with walking. Then he noticed that animals traveled faster than he did. So, although he would have liked to go as fast as a deer, he had to content himself with a horse. For a time he thrilled at his new speed. But that did not last. He envied the speed of the bird. Steam came, and he harnessed it and thought he achieved wonders at sixty miles an hour. But no sooner was he accustomed to that than he began to strain for a bird's speed.

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All right: he flies now, with a bird's wings and speed. Is he content? Not for a moment. He now sees that, compared to the speed at which light travels, he, man, only crawls. Will he attain still greater speed? I don't know. What I do know, however, is that while his speed achievements grow in arithmetical progression, his craze for more will leap by geometrical progression.

'Or consider knowledge. At first his questions were simple, his appetite for knowledge modest; almost any answer was sufficient. Whence came birds? From eggs. Good! Then he had to know who hatched the first bird. For a time he was satisfied with the answer that God created it by a mandate. But little by little knowledge increased and by leaps and bounds his curiosity waxed. How did God come into being? Of course, the first man who asked that question was properly stoned. But his breed did not die. Soon there were too many of them to stone. So answers had to be found. Some answered the question of the origin of the bird by talking about matter and its ways. But of what does matter consist? Of molecules. And molecules? Of atoms. Atoms of electrons. Electrons are centres of power. And what is power? "Ah, one fool can ask more questions in one minute than wise men can answer in a year!" This is the modern stoning by the pious. But now it is not the pious but the questioners who dominate the age.

'And so it will go on. And what is true of the growth of his desires for knowledge and speed holds good of all his other desires. For every achievement man gains his ambition multiplies. The nearer he gets to a goal he once aimed at, the farther away appears a new one.'

'Is n't that rather splendid?' I asked.

'Yes, if you enjoy chasing after a mirage,' he replied.

'That seems to me a figure of speech,' I objected. 'Why not say traveling, exploration? Changing one's destination need not mean failure.'

'Perpetual changing does,' he said. 'The principal tendency of life and desire is satisfaction, arrival. The principal process of life is change. Desires so simple that their attainment is simple is the heart of wisdom. Consider from what different sources comes agreement on this: The Bible says blessed are the poor in spirit. Voltaire, arch-atheist, says the ripest wisdom is to cultivate a garden and grow cabbages. Tolstoyan philosophy advises you to renounce, to beware of ambition, to live simply. Folk-lore tells you of the king who looked for the shirt of the happiest man and when he found him he saw that there was no shirt; for the man was poor, hence happy. This concensus of opinion means something.'

'Man in a tired mood,' I suggested. 'Why is that any more valid than the mood of Columbus about to set sail for India?'

'Well, I suppose it is a matter of taste,' he admitted. 'Therefore not to be argued. But ——'

And he proceeded to argue — the joy of it shone in his eyes — all over creation, aggressively defending the unaggressive attitude toward life. If, as pragmatists often hold, a man's philosophy is the product of his temperament, here was an apparent refutation in Dr. Nordau. Life would have a difficult task keeping this man humble and confined to raising cabbages in a little garden. But part of his philosophy does express the man that presents himself to the eye.

'The aim of civilization should be to augment to the fullest the value of the individual,' he said, 'to give him the opportunity for fullest development

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and absolute sovereignty over himself and his destiny, to make him independent of anyone else. But modern civilization poses a tremendous dilemma. In order to enjoy its benefits man must combine into organization. He must coördinate his life and efforts with millions of others in a thousand different directions. Without organization he cannot earn his bread, have his milk delivered, or repel criminals and invaders, who *are* organized. He must belong to an organization called a "village" or a "city"; to another called "country"; to still others that embrace his industrial, religious, social, and family life — the family itself is essentially an organization, a natural and effective one. And all these organizations require more or less that he subordinate part of his individuality until he is thoroughly enmeshed in it. How to keep organization acting for him instead of oppressing him? A terrific problem, and civilization to-day makes the answer more and more difficult.

'At present it seems to me that organization is less a release for the individual than a sort of springboard for prepotent and selfish individuals. These strong men lay their hands on organization and reap the benefits of it. Take political democracy, for instance. Formerly the prepotent individual said, "By divine right I am king and order you to give me your obedience, your substance, your lives on the battle field?" And the masses, sheep, obeyed. With sheep the king could be a wolf in his own guise and tear and bite and devour if he pleased. Then this civilization "made progress." Men began to doubt the "divine right." They began to organize resistance against the tyrant. Political "democracy" became the fashion. The "divine right" king lost his head. Were the people thereupon set free? No, indeed. Along came other prepotent individuals and put on a little camouflage. "The people must rule!" each of these individuals declare. "Fellow citizens, let us organize the 'People-must-rule Party!' I am a friend of the people. Follow me. Elect me premier or president and you, the people, will rule."

'Again the people follow. On the political field, in the industrial field, on to the battle field they follow like sheep. The political boss, the labor leader, the premier does to-day and has the power that the king-wolf had in former days. If it were n't for that, if it were n't for the machination of a few individuals, we would not have had that great product of our "civilization," the Great War, with its millions of victims, poor people! Sennacherib could n't have arranged such a holocaust so arbitrarily.

'America and England pride themselves on being democracies. Well, I consider that perhaps America is the freest country in the world. But there, too, we have the political boss in power. Consider the choosing of a candidate for President of the United States at the recent election. How astonished the people of the United States must have been to find one morning that it had been their overwhelming desire that Senator Harding should be their candidate as President on the Republican ticket; that Governor Cox should be the people's Democratic nominee! I don't suppose one American out of a thousand, out of ten thousand, knew who Senator Harding was or what he would do as President. But a few individuals in private session in a hotel room knew that they wanted Senator Harding to be President of the United States. And he is! Nevertheless, there is more democracy in the United States — for the people are beginning to realize a little the workings of the political boss — than in England, where the people are divided between those who obey the labor leader and

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those who obey the older master, the squire, the owning class. Then in the United States this group of individuals get into power, give about two thousand of their lieutenants places of influence, and for four years the people of America have the analogue of the Kaiser or the Czar.'

I asked him if he thought we were entering to-day on some new era of development.

'That is the eternal delusion of man,' he said, 'that his particular day is particularly important. There have been great wars in the past. There will be great wars in the future, unless ——.' He paused. 'Unless the League of Nations should prove to be the germ of something new and great. That is the only significant hope I see to-day, and it is thus far a faint one. America, through President Wilson, was largely responsible for that hope. But America seems to have repudiated that hope. Whether that is fatal——' He shrugged expressively.

'Do you see in Palestine to-day a new era beginning for the Jewish race?' I asked.

'I see a most critical time at the present moment for the whole Zionist enterprise,' he said. 'Three years ago, when England and France promised the Jews a national home in Palestine, a bright prospect opened. If, at that time, the self-appointed guardians of the Jewish people had asked clear and specific questions as to what England and France meant exactly by their promise, that prospect would have flowered. As it is, it threatens to dissipate into nothing. The anti-Semites are making every effort to make the Balfour declaration mean less and less, and the danger is that England may either take Palestine for itself or give it over to the Arabs. The Jews have one or two possible remedies. One is to immigrate to Palestine in vast numbers. The other is to appeal to the League of Nations. And the outcome of either or both is on the lap of the gods.'

'Do you consider any particular race or nation in the lead of civilization?' I asked.

'No. Spiritual development is to be found in horizontal strata rather than inside national boundary lines. The East often expresses itself as superior to the materialism of the western peoples. But there is sensuality and the luxury of the satraps in the Orient as characteristically as there are Yogis and Brahmin of undoubted piety. And there are Kants, Spinozas, Newtons, and Edisons living as sparely in the Occident and thinking as loftily as the Yogis; and there are profiteers among our neighbors here who live in as swinish materialism as do the satraps of the Orient; perhaps with less art.'

'Then you don't see among the different nations any moral advance?'

'There will not be until morals mean the same things for nations as they do for individuals,' he replied. 'A man steals a gold watch and he is put into prison. A nation steals a gold-field. Who is there to put it into prison — unless the League of Nations lives? In the one case the world calls it theft; in the other conquest. In the one case ownership decides the morality of the act; in the other only power. Might makes right. And all the nations are tarred with the same brush. If the smaller nations do not have as great catalogues of imperialistic crime to their records as the big ones, it is only because they are small. That is so not because the people of any nation are any more immoral than as individuals. It is partly because the wolves-in-democratic-garb who rule them are wolves and clever at disguising; and partly because the people themselves have not yet adopted a single standard for nations as well as for individuals.'

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'Which way lies salvation?' I asked.

'In stimulating the healthy tendencies of the age,' he said. 'One of them is the return to the soil.'

'The United States census for 1920 shows that in the last ten years something like one third of the farm population in America has drifted to the big cities,' I said.

'Make your own comment,' he said grimly. 'Another healthy current is the increase of popular education tending toward a general leveling upward. Then there is some hope in the growing realization that economic and other freedom lies in the administration of all goods on earth in the interest of all peoples.'

'There are currents, then, making for salvation?' I said, surprising him in the rôle of optimist.

He realized that his enthusiasm had carried him a little beyond his position. He caught himself with a jerk.

'Trickles, I should have said. Trickles through a great swamp!'

'And what can man do about it?'

'Man can only go on with his vaunted civilization,' he concluded ironically. 'Meanwhile I should like to take out citizenship papers in the dog tribe. But if they knew us they would n't admit man in their midst!'

[*Isis*]

THE FAITH OF A HUMANIST

BY GEORGE SARTON

A FEW weeks ago, I had gone up from Florence to Fiesole. It was not a beautiful day. The weather was cold and dull, and I found myself in a melancholy and hesitating mood. Any man engaged in a long and arduous undertaking, can but ask himself now and then, 'Is it worth while?'

That is what I could not help asking myself on that gray afternoon: Was it really worth while? Was I on the right way? Why interrogate the past? Why not let bygones be bygones? There was so much to do to go forward or simply to exist, so many practical problems the solution of which called for immediate action. Instead of taking infinite pains to unravel an irrevocable past, was it not wiser to raise crops and live stock, to bake bread, to build roads, to minister to the poor and suffering? Was I not like an idle man in a very busy world? In each of those homes yonder on the hills and in the valley, there lived people who took up one urgent task after the other; they had hardly time to think or to dream; they were swept away by the needs of life.

Then I looked around me and for a while I forgot my own perplexity. I had at last reached the top of the sacred hill. Remains of ancient walls reminded one of the old Etruscan culture. Nearby other ruins spoke of Roman power and refinement. Thus had civilization steadily grown for more than a thousand years before being brutally interrupted by the southward migrations of younger peoples. Soon after, however, fresh endeavors had been made; a new spiritual life had begun and finally the mediæval ideals had been adequately accomplished in this Franciscan monastery, a magnificent assertion of virtue and charity against triumphant barbarity. And lo, yonder in the valley—Florence! Millions of little voices reached my ears. Every stone of Florence told a story. The whole Italian Renaissance was parading before me. Here in Fiesole and there in Florence, twenty-five centuries of almost uninterrupted civilization had accumulated reminiscences and glories. During this long period, men had labored, suffered, tried in many ways to draw a little nearer to the truth, to understand the wonder-

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ful world in which they were living, to add here and there a little touch of beauty. They had lived and passed away — one hundred and fifty generations of them or more — and nothing remained of them, not even their bones, nothing but the monuments of beauty and virtue, nothing but the amount of truth, of beauty, of justice which they had conquered — pure gold, eternal joy extracted from the chaos. The rest was dead for ever.

Power and wealth had vanished. There remained only the things immaterial — ideals, or the monuments embodying them. These ideals were still alive to-day. Man was still groping after them, and nothing could be to him more interesting and pathetic than the story of his ancient struggles around them, were they victories or defeats. Was it not worth while to study this heroic struggle of man with nature and with himself, to observe the vicissitudes of his progress, to enumerate his conquests, each of which was in fact a new title of nobility?

On this sacred soil of Fiesole, deeply conscious of the smallness of my means and of the difficulties to be overcome, I dedicated myself anew to this task. To ease my mind, I tried to express my faith in plain words and I thereupon drafted the following lines. I publish them after having made a few corrections, because they may be a help to readers who undergo similar anxieties.

. . . . . .

To express my faith I have to say many things which are commonplace. I do not try in the least to be original, but to state as simply as possible things which I deem important. I wish they were even more commonplace than they are.

I believe that the supreme end of life, as far as we can see it, is to produce immaterial things such as truth, beauty, justice. For our practical purposes, it is not necessary to know whether these things exist in the absolute. Whether there be a superior limit or not, and whether this limit can be ultimately reached or not, I believe that we must fight our way upwards toward these ideals. I can find no other meaning to my life, no other spring to my activity.

It is irritating to meet classical scholars and men of letters who seem to think that they are the guardians of culture, ancient and modern, and yet who do not see, nor try to see, the whole world of beauty which science is steadily unfolding under their very eyes. Gigantic thoughts are developing in their presence, but they calmly ignore them as if they were not men of their own day.

It is none the less irritating to meet scientists and inventors who do not seem to be aware of all the treasures of beauty and knowledge which man has slowly accumulated in the last five or six millenniums, who do not appreciate the charm and the nobility of the past, and who regard artists and historians alike as useless dreamers.

Gilbert Murray recently remarked * 'that there are in life two elements, one transitory and progressive, the other comparatively, if not absolutely, non-progressive and eternal, and that the soul is chiefly concerned with the second.' The conceited men of letters, the so-called humanists, would fain claim that their function is a higher and more important one since the object of their studies is properly this eternal element of life, while scientists are only concerned with progressive and evanescent matters. But a further remark of Gilbert Murray's shows that he at least knows better: 'One might say roughly that material things are superseded but spiritual things not; or that every thing considered as an

* In his *Religio Giammatici*, London, 1918.

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achievement can be superseded, but considered as so much life not.'

It is true that most men of letters and, I am sorry to add, not a few scientists, know science only by its material achievements, and ignore its spirit, seeing neither its internal beauty nor the beauty it extracts continually from the bosom of nature. Now, I would say that, to find in the works of science of the past that which is not and cannot be superseded, is perhaps the most important part of our own quest. A true humanist must know the life of science as he knows the life of art and the life of religion.

We can but live in the present, and I believe that we must be fully, unreservedly men of our own day. But to understand the present and make it a little our own, we must look both toward the past and toward the future. It is our duty to take advantage of every available source of information, to set in full light every action which was really great and noble, and yet to look toward the future for greater and nobler things. Briefly, a humanist's duty is not simply to study the past in a passive and sheepish way and to lose himself in his admiration; he must needs contemplate it from the summit of modern science, with the whole of human experience at his disposal and with a heart full of hope.

And for my brother scientists, I would add that our life must be useful indeed, but also beautiful, and that we need all the nobility of the past as well as the expert knowledge of to-day, to go forward. Our knowledge itself must be humane and generous, a thing of beauty, or it is not worth having.

Of what use can it be to us men, to build daring bridges, airships, skyscrapers, if we lose thereby the art of joy and humble life? What is the use of comfort, of material cleanliness and accuracy, of hygiene, if we are to die of weariness and sheer monotony? — A grain of genuine style is worth ten thousand pounds of comfort.

But there is even more to be said. It is worth while to interrogate the past as fully as we can, because the race is more important than the individual.

If the individual were more important, our yesterdays would be like corpses and the past would really be a thing of the past. It would be better then, after having taken out of it every practical thing that it contained, to throw it away on the rubbish heap.

But I believe — nay, I know — that the individual is only a fragment of the race, that it is the race that counts. The tree is the real thing and not its transitory leaves. Each of us is but a leaf from the human tree. Or better still, the whole of humanity, past, present, and future, is but one man. Origen had put it tersely some seventeen hundred years ago: '*universus mundus velut animal quoddam immensum.*'

I believe that I am only a fragment of humanity, yet that I must try to look at things from the point of view of the whole, and not of the fragment. Hence there is no past, there is no future, simply an everlasting present. We all live in the present, but the present of the uneducated is narrow and mean, while that of a true humanist is catholic and generous. If the past were not part of your present, if it were not a living past, it would be better for you to leave it alone.

What little we know, what little power we possess we owe to the accumulated endeavors of our ancestors. Mere gratefulness would already oblige us to study the history of these endeavors, our most precious heirlooms. But we are not to remain idle spectators. It is not enough to appreciate and admire what our ancestors did, we must take up their best traditions, and

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that implies expert knowledge and craftsmanship, science, and practice.

Hence, if we are anxious to do our best and to bear our full share of the common burden, we must be historians, scientists, craftsmen; — and we shall be true humanists only to the extent of our success in combining the historical and the scientific spirit.

This is a considerable task and we may not succeed in accomplishing it, but it certainly is worth while trying. Some of us at least must needs do it and they should dedicate themselves to it in the same spirit that mediæval craftsmen dedicated themselves body and soul, to their art.

[*The Athenæum*]

THE VANISHING ARISTOCRAT

BY 'AUTOLYCUS'

It is now two years since the world was made safe for democracy or whatever other name you choose to call that delicious blend of mob rule and irresponsible tyranny now universally current. Never has the old traditional ruling class been less powerful; it has no hand in the mob rule and very little in the tyranny. It subsists, this once all-powerful class, a phantom of its former self. It is still socially distinct from the rest of the population, it still preserves the traditional attitude toward life, evolved by long generations of serene and undisturbed supremacy. But now that it has lost that supremacy we shall soon see the disappearance of the characteristically aristocratic gesture and attitude and the extinction of the class. The aristocrat lives on in our world made safe for democracy like the Red Indian in his reservation. His tenure is hideously insecure. At any moment the surrounding hordes of white colonists — so infinitely colonial! — may tear down the barriers of his little park, sweep in and utterly submerge him. At any moment. He is helpless.

And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, there has never been a time when the crowd took so much interest in the ruling class, or rather, in the shadow which was once that class. What remains of and what passes for the aristocracy is never out of the limelight. Millions of eyes follow the antics of these poor few surviving Redskins with the most attentive curiosity. These two years since the armistice have seen the inauguration and apparently prosperous growth of several new journals devoted wholly or in part to the activities of the aristocratic and the fashionable. The existing journals of the same type appear at the same time to flourish. Two daily newspapers with vast circulations devote a considerable section of their space to pictures and descriptions of our Last of the Mohicans; and week by week, fortnight by fortnight, some eight or ten stout and prosperous periodicals are busily engaged in carrying on this searching anthropological study of the manners and customs of the aristocracy.

The names, the faces, the habitations, the intimate pleasures and diversions of all the quondam great are familiar to the whole literate population of these islands. And the interest never seems to flag. To publish photographs of the Marquis of Carabas walking in the Park is evidently a paying profession. The public wants these photographs. The newspaper proprietors fulfil the want and reap their deserved profit.

It is all very mysterious. Why should a great people, rich in every sort of political liberty, a people which has gloriously thrown off the yoke of hereditary oligarchs to put on the softer chains of the casual political

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adventurer — why should 'a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks,' take this intense, this morbid interest in its fading aristocracy? I cannot pretend to be able to give a wholly satisfactory answer. Making generalizations about human motives is a very dangerous game. A secluded literary specialist, I can lay no claim to that universality of knowledge possible in earlier, less complicated times. My circle of acquaintance includes a certain number of journalists, poets, novelists, dons, editors, painters, upper middle-class families, a few domestic servants, peasants, and gardeners, a few of the idle and elegant rich — and that is about all. Of the business men, of whom we hear so much in the press, I do not think I know one; of all the teeming millions who live in the suburbs and come up daily to the city I am almost wholly ignorant. I have never so much as passed a night in any of the great industrial towns of the North. I have never talked to a miner or a steel worker or a cotton operative. Of the more than a million regular readers of the *Daily Mirror* I am acquainted with perhaps two dozen and I have no reason to suppose that they represent the mental average of that enormous audience. How then can I hope to gauge correctly the motives of the million? Clearly, I am quite unqualified. But that shall not prevent me from emitting an explanatory theory.

In a democratically organized country the crowd is interested in aristocracy, in wealth and privileged leisure, precisely because it is 'free' and possesses the power to vote and be voted for. Middle-class audiences like to have aristocracy paraded before them, because, in an obscure but very certain fashion, the spectacle flatters their pride. For in theory and by law they are the equals of these wonderful barbarians, these superb and serene Redskins playing in their reservation. It is satisfactory to think when one sees a picture of the Marquis of Carabas walking in the Park, one foot poised in the air and an infinitely vacant expression frozen into immortality by the instantaneous blink of the camera — it is satisfactory to *know* that one is as good as he. Let them sport, gaudy butterflies! Let them snap their fingers at the rest of the world from the windows of their stucco palaces. Let them make merry in their reservations, committing there in safety eccentricities which would lead to ostracism and ignominious expulsion from any other class. Let them do what they like, spend what they like, look how they please. It makes no difference. We in the suburbs are their political equals, and we enjoy looking at the pictures and the society paragraphs just because it is pleasant to know that we are as good as these extraordinary creatures.

Furthermore, in another sense, we are probably better than they. For if we are their political equals we are also, we flatter ourselves, their moral superiors. We work from ten till six, we wear unobtrusive clothes, we do not squander money on food and drink, we do not associate with disreputable artists and foreigners, we abhor eccentricity. Yes, undoubtedly we are their superiors.

There may be other reasons to make the insertion of society portraits and paragraphs a paying proposition for the newspaper proprietor. But these, I believe, are the fundamental causes that explain the unremitting interest of the crowd in the actions of the aristocracy. That interest would be explicable on other grounds if the aristocracy still ruled. The curiosity

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would be justifiable and natural that demanded portraits and paragraphs about Simon de Montfort, Buckingham, Strafford, Chatham. These were people of some interest and importance in their different ways. But in these latter days nothing can account for the exaggerated interest in the Marquis of Carabas except that desire for a subtle form of self-flattery which I have already described.

Actors and actresses, cinema stars, and successful boxers share with the remains of the aristocracy the distinction of being always in the public eye. The fact is not to be wondered at. To those who lead the ordinary life in the suburbs an actress or a negroid pugilist seems as free, as gloriously irresponsible as an earl. The fact of our real equality to, and possible superiority over, Douglas Fairbanks and Jack Johnson is as flattering as the thought that we are as good as the Marquis of Carabas. How far the total decay of the aristocratic tradition is likely to affect literature and thought in general is a subject with which I have no space at present to deal. But perhaps in another paper it will be interesting to return to our vanishing Redskins.

[*The Times*]

THE POET OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIALISM

AMERICAN poets may be divided into those who stay in America and those who emigrate; a distinction which is equivalent to that applied to modern French poets by M. Georges Duhamel — acceptation or evasion of modern life. Mr. Carl Sandburg is one of those who have accepted Americanism. The book* under review is the third large volume of poetry published by him since 1914. But his work is interesting apart from its bulk and worth some attention to its *milieu*, its tradition, its objects, and its achievements.

In considering realistic poetry like this the *milieu*, the kind of life from which it grows and which it purports to interpret, is of more importance than in other kinds of poetry. Since one of the primary claims of such poetry is that it is 'true to life,' true to its surroundings, we must know something about that life before we can judge if this object at least has been achieved. Now, the life which Mr. Carl Sandburg wishes to express is, generally speaking, the life of the Middle West, which is different from that of the aristocratic South, ruined in the Civil War, different again from the Puritan New England which found expression in Lowell, Emerson, and Hawthorne, and yet again different from the life of the Coast. The distinguishing feature of the Middle West, to quote Mr. J. G. Fletcher, is 'its immense flatness and monotony'; its population, after achieving a gigantic piece of pioneering, is isolated in farms or concentrated in small provincial towns, in either case with an attitude toward life which renders it indifferent or hostile to the arts. Yet, in this monotony of landscape, there are great stretches of beauty; in this

* *Smoke and Steel.* By Carl Sandburg. (New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Howe.)

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worship of material success there is a stirring of the ideal; and Mr. Sandburg is, as it were, a mouthpiece for this inarticulate idealism to make itself heard.

One of the best poems in his new book is a description of a Middle Western town whose sins are 'neither scarlet nor crimson' but 'a convict gray, a dishwater drab.' This town, the poet continues, is

> . . . a spot on the map
> And the passenger trains stop there
> And the factory smokestacks smoke
> And the grocery stores are open Saturday nights
> And the streets are free for citizens who vote
> And inhabitants counted in the census.
> Saturday night is the big night.

and then:

> Main street there runs through the middle of the town,
> And there is a dirty postoffice
> And a dirty city hall
> And a dirty railroad station . . .

Not an inspiring home for poetry, one feels. Mr. Sandburg sends into it a 'loafer,' who says some harsh things of the town, and concludes:

> . . . you ain't in a class by yourself,
> I seen you before in a lot of places.
> If you are nuts America is nuts.

To smile over that as quaint or amusing is to miss its significance. This criticism from Mr. Sandburg, who is on the whole too easy-going, too easily satisfied with mere activity, is as significant as Arnold's 'By the Ilyssus there was no Wragg.' It is a recognition of an essential spiritual truth: mere material prosperity is not enough. 'To blaspheme wealth' needs courage in any modern community; it needs special courage in an Anglo-Saxon country. But the significance of this is not that it comes from an exceptional and educated person — there are plenty such in the United States — but that Mr. Sandburg utters it as a feeling of the people.

These moments of dissatisfaction are rare and brief; more often we find Mr. Sandburg 'celebrating' the vigor, usefulness, and supremacy of American commerce:

> Omaha, the roughneck, feeds armies,
> Eats and swears from a dirty face.
> Omaha works to get the world a breakfast.

or again he runs off on one of those excited catalogues, dear to Walt Whitman:

> Fire and wind wash at the slag,
> Box-cars, clocks, steam-shovels, churns, pistons, boilers, scissors —
> Oh, the sleeping slag from the mountains, the slag-heavy pig-iron will go down many roads.
> Men will stab and shoot with it, and make butter and tunnel rivers, and mow hay in swaths, and slit hogs and skin beeves, and steer airplanes across North America, Europe, Asia, round the world.

We will not stay to discuss the merits of these lines but point out that they do explain Mr. Sandburg's *milieu;* he has used the materials which he found at hand. It would be unjust to omit saying that he has absorbed some of the natural beauty of his country, but he has a kind of pre-determination to insist on the ugly, the materialistic side of his subject. At his best, he uses this natural beauty to point a contrast; more frequently it is a mere reference, imperfectly 'fused' by his talent. There is an absence of meditation in these poems which gives them an air of incompleteness. Like the French Cubists, Mr. Sandburg tries 'to confound himself with life.'

No writer is without a literary tradition or literary influences of some sort, because no one writes without previously reading. The tradition of Mr. Sandburg is Whitman, journalism, and to a slighter extent modern *vers libre* poets, just as Whitman's tradition was journalism and prose translations of

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epic poetry. The value of a tradition is of course invaluable to the artist; at its best it is a sure foundation to build on, at its worst something to rebel against. We Europeans have an immense, an august tradition; even as Englishmen we have a considerable tradition. And since most Americans speak English and are descended from Europeans they also inherit our tradition. But, following Whitman, many American poets choose deliberately to ignore it, to forfeit its great benefits. Why? Whitman has explained his views in his prose works, but we do not need to go to them for an answer. These American poets desire their writings to possess above everything the qualities of vitality, novelty, and Americanism. Above all they wish to produce work which is emphatically American. They argue, like Whitman, that they are not 'out' to follow any tradition, however great and splendid, but to create one, the tradition of America. They have therefore a distrust, almost a hatred, of the past and the beauty it created. Here is an interesting example from *Smoke and Steel.*

BRONZES

They ask me to handle bronzes
Kept by children in China
Three thousand years
Since their fathers
Took fire and molds and hammers
And made them.

The Ming, the Chou,
And other dynasties,
Out, gone, reckoned in ciphers,
Dynasties dressed
In old gold and old yellow —
They saw these.
Let the wheels
Of three thousand years
Turn, turn, turn on.

Let one poet then
(One will be enough)
Handle these bronzes
And mention the dynasties
And pass them along.

What a perverse misunderstanding, we are tempted to exclaim, what a curious misapprehension of beauty, what a rejection of excellence! What an abyss between that and Renan's prayer on the Acropolis!

After the quotations made, no further example of Mr. Sandburg's debt to Whitman is needed. It is clear throughout his pages, even to the extent of his using phrases from *Leaves of Grass* — 'hairy, hankering.' More disturbing than Whitman is the journalism in Mr. Sandburg's style. We are not referring to his use of slang, his 'crummy hobos' and 'hoodlums' and 'lousy doughboys,' which are probably due to an overstrained sense of loyalty to one's own time, but to the tone of his poems, which so often read like a piece of newspaper writing. Look at the journalistic facetiousness in this:

> Let me count reminiscences like money; let me count picnics, glad rags, and the great bad manners of the Carlovingians breaking fresh eggs in the copper pans of their proud uncles.

Always that irritation with the past, that opposition of the live dog to the dead lion, that flattery of a living mediocrity. But there is the essence of Mr. Sandburg's writing: vitality, novelty, Americanism, at all costs. What does it matter (he seems to say) that the Parthenon is the supreme expression of a supreme wisdom, that Shakespeare is the supreme poet of tragedy and comedy, that anything supremely excellent and beautiful has been created *by the past?* The Parthenon is a ruin; Shakespeare is dust; excellence and beauty — what are they? Cowley said that there was no need to sing new songs but to say the old. These American poets would violently disagree. They are convinced that life, modern life, the 'now' alone is important; that vitality, energy, truth to modern life, to the outward phe-

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nomena of modern life, are all that is asked of the poet.

How far have they succeeded in this? Have they achieved novelty, vitality, and truth to life? In the case of Mr. Sandburg the answer is that to a great extent he has. He has introduced themes which have seldom, perhaps never, been treated before. There is an impressive display of energy in *Smoke and Steel*. His poems are true to a certain kind of life, they are undoubtedly American. They do succeed, then, in doing what they set out to do, but whether this in itself constitutes a high and right art is another question. Yet we ought to be sympathetic, as open-minded as possible to this kind of writing, remembering that one danger to poetry is always that it may become too bookish, preoccupied with formalities and dignities, and too little stirred by the rough energies of life. Mr. Yeats has said that modern poetry has two ways before it, one of increasing refinement and one 'among the market carts.' Mr. Sandburg has chosen the way 'among the market carts,' and we are wrong if we refuse to accept what he has to give us. Yet, though European criticism must recognize these experiments and strive to understand them, European poetry may well reject them.

[*The King's Highway*]

ENGLISH AND IRISH LANDSCAPE

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

In England the imaginative wayfarer will travel with poets for company, whereas in Ireland he will have kings and battles. In England one talks of Shakespeare or Wordsworth country, or one may turn to another art and discover Constable country or Old Crome country or Morland villages. The poets and the artists have written their names large on the fair English landscapes. In Ireland it will be O'Neill country or O'Donnell country or the Desmond country; or one will look straight ahead and see a battlefield, the Pass of the Curlew, or the Yellow Ford, or some other scene of a mighty fight.

The Americans, those passionate pilgrims, whose tracking of memories and associations must have a worthier foundation than merely 'wanting to know,' used to track down the haunts of English men of letters and artists, kings and queens, councillors, and nobles, as they tracked the nightingale through his capricious and brief appearances. It is conceivable that scenery would not mean much to an American without association, not, at least, the garden scenery of England. I remember once in my intolerant youth to have taken a walk with an American poet through Middlesex lanes and fields, now, alas, covered with little red brick houses and Cockney parks, which latter, from the prevalence of the poplar, attain a Noah's-Ark-like expression. Those fields were the haunts of many larks which have flown farther, yet not too far, and

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there the last nightingale sang his heart-breaking song in a May night more than a quarter of a century ago. One would have thought that an American poet would have been delighted and satisfied with so many ruralities sweeping to the very skirts of London. I was particularly proud of those fields, as though I owned them for all time. The American poet wanted history and biography thrown in. He was sure that every knoll, every building, every rood of earth, had its story. Well, doubtless he was right. Those fields were the Bishop of London's swine-forest in Alfred's days; and in the twentieth century the swine farms still remain, and the black pigs still run the fields for acorns under the twisted oaks, as they did in Alfred's time. Also there is a little House of God, at the heart of the fields, where people have prayed since the eleventh century, a little church, pressed down and small with the weight of years, as though Time leaned heavily upon it. Such things I refused to impart to my American poet. An Englishman would have told him to the extent of his knowledge. I know people of my own race who would have invented where they did not know. Through my perversity he went away empty, longing to be full.

Near London it is not so easy to hear the Spirit of Place, or, perhaps, it is never quiet enough. One might hear her if one came at nightfall. She is a shy Spirit. If she is urban it is in quiet streets and cloisters, old houses, old churches, and gardens. Trams and telephones and motor-buses and motor-cars sent her fleeing, like her sisters, the Dryads and Hamadryads, from those marred woods and violated waters. Nowadays even the air is closed against her.

But she is still in England, anywhere but in the staring and dusty new towns and streets. She is in English villages and old towns. There are fields under Malvern Hills — Shakespeare country — where she moves in the twilight; such a gentle Spirit; where, if you put your ear to the earth you can hear the very heart of England beating. These are the battlegrounds of the Wars of the Roses. To yonder old house Margaret of Anjou brought her great spirit, that never trailed its wings in the dust, after the Battle of Tewkesbury. The Spirit has nothing to whisper of

> Old, unhappy, far off things
> And battles long ago.

She does not even say to you her invitation to sit and tell sad stories of the death of kings, although the house that sheltered Margaret of Anjou has its association with another tragic and noble lady, for the quilt of scarlet silk, at which Catherine of Aragon worked with her ladies, reposes there in the queen's traveling trunk, with its royal monogram in tiny gilt nails.

In a May, ten years ago, the Spirit also told of quiet lives and innocent prosperities. The Worcestershire hedges were white with a record May, the new, satin-shining grass had a gaiety of blue dotted all over its grass-green, and overhead the boughs were out in their first pale beauty. Houses and men had fitted into the country and become part of it, as they do not near cities. The very tramps who were making their ablutions, or still abed, or breakfasting, on sheets and napkins of finest green silk, diapered with white of starwort and vivid blue of speedwell, were cordial and pleasant creatures, as they smiled a good-morrow. They were, to the life, Shakespeare's merry rogues, and the songs they trolled might have been the songs of Autolycus. There was no stain on that country. If terrible

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things had happened there the Spirit of Place had forgotten them or had not known.

It is a humiliating reflection that man, when he comes in his numbers, defiles and defaces, and makes ugly more than the wild beast. One has but to find his trail on any green place. The orange-peels, the dirty and torn newspapers, the old boots, the broken crockery and utensils, have power to destroy beauty and peace and banish the Spirit of Place. When he stretches out a hand over what once was countryside, how depressing are his little houses, his clinker paths, in fields where the mole delved industriously from dawn to dark, where the lark climbed a thousand winding stairs into Heaven. Not that the lark is beyond becoming urban. He still springs heaven-high from the golf-links, which say to the most ungarden-like garden-suburb: 'So far shalt thou go and no farther.'

Let us leave Malvern with its gentleness behind and turn to Kent, where the Spirit of Place is very strong. One has but to know and love the country round about Penshurst to realize Sir Philip Sidney. This golden and gracious country made him and the Earl of Surrey and Raleigh, and all that galaxy of most splendid singing birds, who were also soldiers and courtiers of the Elizabethan days. Other influences there are in that place. John Wesley, who came to reform the Church of England, not to make a secession, has written his name on the landscape. There is Little Boundes, where he used to visit the Countess of Huntingdon, from whence he carried on that correspondence with Mrs. Delany, the piety of which has sometimes a demure air of flirtation. Over against Little Boundes, across the valley, is a house of the wicked Restoration beauty, who held her lover's horse while he fought with and killed her husband. A field there is called Bloodshots to this day, and the steep way down into the valley is eerie. Some children, finding themselves there with their governess of a summer day long ago, entirely unconscious of the evil memories of the place — a peculiarly sinister murder had been committed there some years earlier — were driven back to the high road by something that was like an emanation of evil.

Beauty makes patriots and heroes as well as poets and painters and soldiers and fine gentlemen. In mountainous countries there are ardent patriots.

The Spirit of Place in Ireland is forlorn: she is a banshee. Find yourself in innocent Irish fields at twilight, or perhaps in broad daylight, and you will suddenly feel afraid and sorrowful. The Spirit of Place is forlorn and the fields are haunted. The fairies have long ago trooped out of England because, according to the old Bishop-poet —

> . . . . . the fairies
> Were of the old profession,
> Their songs were Ave Marias,
> Their dances were procession.
> But since of late Elizabeth,
> And later James, came in,
> They have not danced on any heath
> As in the time hath been.

The last fairies in England, one imagines, must have whispered to Herrick. Now, when they come to England, they are brought by an Irishman, Yeats, or Allingham, or Dicky Doyle.

Allingham caught the very note of the loneliness of Irish fields, even at midday, with his

> Little cowboy, what have you heard
> Up on the lonesome rath's green mound.
> Only the plaintive yellow bird
> Piping to sultry fields around.

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There is not one of the fields that is not storied, and the story is usually a desolate one. There are fields I know in the mountain valleys of Wicklow where a green tongue of earth runs out to meet the ploughs, which turns aside to avoid it. Those are the graves of the rebels of 1798. Not so long ago I stood on a great rath in the Queen's County, close by the Rath of Mullaghmast, haunted by the ghosts of the O'Moores, who, being invited to a banquet there by a Lord Deputy of Elizabethan days, were afterwards treacherously murdered. In the high rath, amid wide fields, the young descendants of English nobles, who became, in time, more Irish than the Irish, used, a few short years ago, to fight the battles over again of fairy knights and horsemen, as of the chiefs who came later.

The raths are so full of the Spirit of Place that one is afraid.

There is the Hill of Tara, from which St. Patrick banished the Druids, haunted by the memories of Irish kings and their palaces. I found nothing there but a great wind when I visited it. One should have slept there to see visions and dream dreams.

There is Ben Bulben, in Sligo, with its memories of Diarmuid and Grania. There is Croagh Patrick, where the Saint fasted forty days and nights till he had wrung from the Angel of God the three things he asked. The Angel came to St. Patrick to comfort him, and the Saint asked of God through His Envoy that the Faith might never depart from the Irish people.

'That is granted,' said the Angel. 'Now go down from the mountain.'

'I will not,' said Patrick. 'Is it for that one thing I lay out under frost and snow and the canopy of heaven, that I was buffeted and beaten by evil spirits, that I fasted forty days from meat and drink? I will not go down from the mountain till I am given the second thing I ask.'

'Ask, then,' said the Angel.

'I ask that those who recite my Breast-plate' (that is, his prayer, so-called) 'shall be saved.'

'That, too, is granted,' said the Angel. 'Now go down from the mountain.'

'I will not go for those two things,' said Patrick, with a recapitulation of the things he had done and suffered. 'There is yet a third boon I ask from my God.'

'Speak it then,' said the Angel, 'and go down from the mountain.'

There is something splendidly audacious about this third prayer of St. Patrick.

'I ask, then, that I may sit on the Judgment Day by the side of my God to judge the Irish people.'

'That I am quite sure will not be given you,' said the Angel. 'You may go down from the mountain with that ungiven.'

But Patrick would not go down from the mountain till he had wearied the Angel with his persistence into granting his last magnificent request.

I have said that the Spirit of Place, in Irish country, is concerned with kings or chiefs and battlefields. It is concerned with Saints also and religious observances and with tragic and passionate love stories. St. Patrick broke the power of the Druids in Ireland, but their stones and cromlechs are everywhere and their fires are yet supposed to linger on the hills, as on Knockmany in Tyrone, where many persons say they have seen the fires.

The Spirit of Irish Place is very lonely but not fearful. In England, with its problems of a congested population, loneliness might mean actual physical fear. The fear in lonely places in Ireland is of the border world that

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lies between this and the other world. So far as physical danger is concerned one might still walk Ireland from end to end, like the Lady of Moore's *Rich and Rare*. But fairies and ghosts are another matter.

By Croagh Patrick the Spirit of Place is on her knees. The great, conical hill, the Reek, as the people call it, wraps itself around in mist as though it were Mount Sinai. The clouds brood upon it and float around it to hide the mysteries. You may approach it for a whole morning without being aware of it and then, suddenly, you may see a shining green path suspended in mid-air, as I once had the luck to see it; and, while you marvel at it, the curtain begins to lift on a dazzling world of majestic mountain and sea and a thousand isles.

Many thousands of people — tens of thousands, I would say, make the pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick every summer as they make the pilgrimage to Lough Derg, St. Patrick's Purgatory, where was a grotto through which the Saint entered Purgatory. There the place is impregnated with prayer and faith, so that the fasting and praying pilgrims feel the exhilaration of the lake water as though it were wine, and come back to the world as from a heavenly cure, happily exhausted, but full of the sense of well-being.

It is good to think that pilgrimages go on still in one of these islands, when the memory of them to the greater island but survives in a Pilgrim's Way, a few flower names, the tales of a poet, and one or two exquisite songs. We should all be better if we went a-pilgriming in the sweet o' the year, following the winding way to Canterbury, with bare feet in the bluebells and the dew, or turning North to Our Lady of Walsingham, by her track of many churches.

The Spirit of Place is not concerned, except with great and simple things. She is obvious of new and trivial things. She is for the immortal griefs and joys. By the battlefields of Europe she will wander, wringing her hands, and our children's children will hear in twilight the stories she has to tell of the time when:

> Love forgot to save
> The young, the beautiful, the brave.

[*The New Statesman*]

BACH

BY W. J. TURNER

None of the other Arts has a god like John Sebastian Bach — not literature, not sculpture, not painting, not architecture — nor has science. The faults of Shakespeare and of Michelangelo are lingered over uncomfortably by even their devoutest admirers who cannot 'away' with them — not by the most tortuous ingenuity. Even their acknowledged masterpieces are incomplete or blemished or, if flawless, of limited scope. In music, Beethoven, the most inspired, is perhaps the most unequal of the great composers. The formlessness of his work is so distressing that it prevents many people from ever really enjoying his symphonies and sonatas. Even such a great work as the C Minor Symphony sounds like a series of marvelous improvisations, loosely strung together like beads on a thread. The fatal 'repeats,' proof of the lack of any real organic design, are sprinkled almost everywhere. Perhaps the nearest approach to a genuine organic structure in Beethoven's orchestral music is in the Leonore Overture No. 3, and there the form is dictated by an external dramatic programme, wonderfully assimilated, I grant, but still external to the music. You could not, as Sir Henry Wood does in the Leonore Overture, take a trumpeter

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out of the orchestra and put him behind doors to emphasize the effect, if the logic of the overture were musical instead of being what it is, dramatic by reference to a literary programme.

On the intellectual and constructive side, Beethoven was weak, and like nearly all his successors, had recourse to a mould into which to pour his musical ideas, not having the power, the patience, the training, and the temperament requisite to enable him to build them into a structure of their own. If you take any of Bach's great organ preludes and fugues, you will find that there occur in them moments as dramatic as that pause and trumpet call in the Leonore Overture — moments that thrill your blood, but they will stand much more repetition than the Leonore Overture, and the thrill will be soberer, graver, more intense with repetition, because it is not incidental, it does not depend on the emotional value of a chance situation, for example, sympathy with a prisoner in a dungeon hearing the trumpet call of his approaching liberator. It may be argued that you can be equally stirred by the Leonore Overture if you are completely ignorant of its programme, but I say that the Overture challenges your intellectual curiosity. You *have* to invent a programme, and if you did not find one that would fit it you could not bear to listen to it; it would drive you mad in unsatisfied irritation — that is, if you had any intellectual grasp of music.

The Bach prelude and fugue, on the other hand, raises no such questions as to its meaning because it is complete in itself. It is that rare thing, an artistic whole; it has the unity that exalts and satisfies, that is all-embracing yet concrete, finite, yet infinite, which scientists are forever seeking and approaching in their profoundest and most comprehensive laws.

If you can imagine the sensation of a Galileo, of a Newton, of an Einstein, when they first grasp the complete idea that they have been groping for, you get some faint perception of the sensations of a musician when he hears one of Bach's great preludes and fugues, for Bach — and this is not to be said lightly — is more satisfying than Galileo, Newton, and Einstein, because he is nearer the truth than they are, his imagination has flown deeper and higher and is more all-embracing.

It may well be asked what authority I have for such a statement. Well, first, even the plain man can feel for himself the inadequacy of the scientists' finest generalizations, beautiful as they are, and this feeling is supported by the scientists who will admit to sharing it themselves. But I know of no musician of acknowledged standing who could honestly say that there was anything lacking, anything imperfect or unsatisfying in Bach's greatest works, and there is, assuredly, no other composer living or dead of whom they could say the same.

Now, I should like to go on to argue that absolute perfection is possible in art, while it never will be possible in science, unless science — as it very possibly may do occasionally — becomes an art and does not attempt to represent all reality except as a creation of the mind; but this would lead me away from my subject, which is Bach.

Dr. Terry has done English musicians considerable service by translating and editing Forkel's famous monograph on Bach, originally published in 1802.* It is true that Forkel's book had been translated and published in England in 1820, but it was badly done, and the translator added nothing by

* *Johann Sebastian Bach: His Life, Art, and Work.* Translated from the German of J. N. Forkel, with notes and appendices by Charles Sanford Terry. Constable. 21*s.* net.

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way of commentary to a book which needs supplementing very considerably. The great merit of Forkel — who as a musician and composer is now completely forgotten — was that although born in 1749, a little more than a year before Bach's death, and writing in 1802 (fifty-two years later), he was the first to proclaim Bach's supreme greatness to the world. Dr. Terry has written an introduction which tells us a good deal about Forkel that is not to be found elsewhere in English, but he has also added a complete chapter on Bach's life in Leipzig for twenty-seven years as Cantor of St. Thomas' School (of which Forkel tells us nothing), a large number of notes, one hundred and fifty-six pages of appendices (giving a chronological catalogue of Bach's compositions, an exhaustive examination of the librettos of the cantatas, a full account of the monumental Bachgesellschaft Editions, and a Bibliography), an index, and seven illustrations, so that two thirds of what Dr. Terry magnanimously describes as 'Bach by Forkel' is Bach by Terry.

My only complaint is that there is not still more Terry. I would not have the very important rivulet of Forkel drained away. Forkel is mainly critical and explanatory and, on the whole, I think, illuminating and sound, but he tells us practically nothing personal. He is, as Dr. Terry points out, extraordinarily meagre in biographical detail of which Dr. Terry might well have added more than he has done. Although Dr. Terry seems to think that Forkel appreciated Bach mainly as a supreme master of technique, he does not attempt to deal critically with Forkel's criticism, which therefore still remains the sole contribution to that side of the subject. This was wise, for a critical estimate of Bach would require a volume to itself. But it is impossible to read this book through without a feeling of sympathy for what Dr. Terry describes as Forkel's 'narrow depreciation of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.'

To Forkel these composers, by comparison with Bach, must have seemed like inspired amateurs. In his constant reference to Bach's indefatigable application, Forkel surely hits the nail on the head. Astounding as Bach's original genius was, it was certainly not greater than Mozart's, than Beethoven's, or than Wagner's. An early death and unfavorable conditions prevented Mozart from doing himself justice. Beethoven was by temperament and mental equipment unable to cope with the greatness of his ideas. Wagner alone achieved an intellectual mastery of a wealth of material comparable to Bach's, but there was an ignoble strain in Wagner, and he never attained the sublimity of Beethoven and Bach, or the unsullied purity of Mozart.

Bach alone was undivided and undistracted in his absorption in his work. The demands made upon him were more regular, more insistent, and more prolonged. His very situation and control of singers and players would have made any ordinarily gifted man a master of technique. For twenty-one years Bach composed a new Cantata every month for official use; as Dr. Terry well says, 'there are few phenomena in the record of art more extraordinary than this unflagging cataract of inspiration in which masterpiece followed masterpiece with the monotonous periodicity of a Sunday sermon.' I would say there are none and would add this question: How can the composer of to-day, restlessly rushing from place to place, full of social engagements, without leisure, without congenial occupation, without the control of players to perform his works, with-

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out repose of mind or spirit, how can he hope to produce works of the calibre of J. S. Bach, even if, which is improbable, he had the genius?

[*The Athenæum*]

HARRY

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

MANY women — sisters, mothers, wives, and lovers — came to Ward One, where the desperate cases lay.

The lovers were the saddest sight of all.

Although Harry very well knew what his transference to Ward One implied, he was very gay.

'I've got no arm, Sister,' he said, as the orderlies bore him in, 'an' no leg; so what's left of me is all the more precious.'

Precious it was, poor boy, precious to him, and even more precious to those who watched him and who dreaded, with only too much reason, that he would have to lose even another limb if his spirit was to continue to shine from the eyes of that close-cropped golden head, the face of which was seamed with odd, narrow lines significant of such physical pain as is not usually encountered during a space of fifty years, which had here been crowded into as many days since the morning when the surgeons had cut away the right arm and left leg of this boy of twenty-two.

'At any rate, Sister, I balance,' Harry said.

And Sister laughed. It was her duty.

Harry bore the hour of dressing — that hour accounted by many soldiers the most terrible of their appalling profession — with great fortitude. He was elaborate about his preparations; he required two pillows behind his shoulders and one behind his head; he placed a wad of lint in his mouth; he clutched the side of the bed with the arm that was left to him.

'It's no good yellin', Sister,' he said.

'That's all right, Harry,' Sister replied. 'Yell if it helps you at all.'

Then the vein that ran down between his brows stood up. He became bathed in sweat. Sometimes, because of the anguish, he spewed the lint out of his mouth and shrieked. He would apologize for this.

'When I hear the hammers in my ears I have to yell,' he said. 'I feel as if my hair was comin' off — the job hurts me so.'

But for the most part he endured with only stifled exclamations. When a dressing was over a few tears always fell from his eyes — tears of shame, sorrow, pain, and relief.

The surgeon was almost daunted by him. 'I should feel happier if that young chap yelled,' he remarked. 'There's a limit to all pluck. He's not saving himself, and he may need to. It's a pity we have each our own nature to deal with, and cannot give another the tip. But one can't tell; perhaps he feels that if he gives way at all the whole body of his morale may go. And perhaps he's right. Nature has an instinct for conduct. Advice might be dangerous.'

But it was not the dressing — excruciating offices they were — that sapped Harry's courage: it was to be twenty-two and have only one arm and one leg. That was a pain which found no expression save in his habitual joke, uttered ever with less and less of mirth, 'I've got no arm and no leg, Sister, so take good care of me; for I says, what's left of me is all the more precious.'

The occasions on which Harry spewed out the lint became more and more frequent. He grew ashamed, crestfallen, wholly silent. A terrible dull look — sign of the stalemate of death and courage — stood in his eyes.

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Because it was felt that the presence of a friend might hearten him, and because the surgeons began more and more to have to consider an eventuality they dared not communicate to the case, the boy was asked if there was anyone he would like especially to see.

'There's Rosie, she's my girl,' said Harry.

So Rosie was sent for. She came — a country girl of shy manners and gentle voice. Though not possessed of good looks in the ordinary sense, she had a vivid color. Hers was the freshness of one whose lungs drink every morning the blowy airs of the down; hers the intimate warmth of one who, in the evening, crouched before the hazy grate, loses herself, almost before she knows she has begun to dream, in a reverie not without its never wholly explicit episodes of womanly passion and prophetic tenderness. She appeared at the end of the dull ward like the embodiment of the spirit of life itself.

Harry, seeing her, began to breathe rapidly.

She went straight to him and kissed him again and again.

Harry said nothing, but his eyes shone.

And they began to babble, those two. She peeled oranges all over the bed. She stuck a piece of silver paper in his hair.

But Harry was easily fatigued. Enormous brown rings appeared about his eyes.

As she left the Sister said to her: 'The surgeons have decided that Harry's other leg must come off. It's in a shocking state.'

Rosie fainted.

The next day she returned to the hospital. Her eyes were very red. 'I've been crying all night, Sister,' she said.

'Never mind,' said Sister; 'you must n't think of anything now except helping him. The other leg has got to come off this evening. We've kept it as long as we could. We dare n't wait longer. But mind, he has n't been told, and we shan't tell him. We don't think he could bear it. We've told him it's only going to be a small affair. Go in to him now. Much depends on you. Put all the courage into him you can.'

She found him lying on the verge of stupor.

'I'm for it again,' he said. His voice was faint.

''Tis only a small affair, says Sister,' she replied. And, leaning over the bed, she began to whisper to him.

When the time came for her to go she begged for five more minutes. During these five minutes she knelt by the pillows, with her head laid on his shoulder and his head in her hands. Her lips moved. Her eyes appeared fixed in reverie. 'I'll be seein' thee tomorrow,' she said, rising at length. 'Remember an' save up a first smile for me.'

Thirty hours passed before she saw him again. He was quite changed.

'What have they done to thee?' she cried. But he made no answer. His eyes rested upon that piece of counterpane which yesterday had covered his only leg.

'You promised me — won't you smile?' she said.

He said nothing. All the color left her face. She leaned over the end of the bed. She stretched out her arms. Her voice rang out; 'Don't! Don't! I'll make it all up to thee, every bit of it, when we're married!'

But his eyes never moved.

Sister led her away.

That night the gentlest of all brides held him in her arms. Perhaps it was better so. Neither Courage nor Love is omnipotent.

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[*The Times*]

THE IMMORTAL MR. PUNCH

BY W. J. LAWRENCE

THE hale and hearty old institution of Punch and Judy still patiently awaits its historian. Collier's book fails us on all the vital points, and it irritates by discursive pedantry. The fact that it has been reprinted again and again, and has even been translated into French and German, is a tribute to the potency of the visual appeal. Oblivion would have swallowed it long ago but for its endearing Cruikshank plates. One does not mean to imply by this that the book is worthless. It has the merit of preserving an early text of the immortal Punch and Judy drama, and it lays the necessary emphasis on the fact that that drama, so far from boasting any particular antiquity, dates only from the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Such, in fine, is Collier's contribution to puppet-show history. Of the earlier Mr. Punch's office and characteristics he evinces but an indifferent conception, and he cannot even give approximately the period of his landing.

Attached to that event is a highly perplexing mystery. It seems impossible to determine whether Mr. Punch made his first appearance in England as a stage type or as a puppet. We know that his prototype, the Neapolitan Pulcinella, first emerged as one of the standing masked characters of the Commedia dell'Arte, but was ultimately duplicated in the puppet-show where he gained new vitality. It would appear on somewhat scanty evidence that the same order of progression held good in England. But the point is doubtful.

During the Interregnum when the theatres were closed and all acting forbidden there was an audacious, ready-witted comedian, one Robert Cox, who managed somehow to pick up a precarious living by giving in town and country under cover of rope-dancing sly and stealthy performances of what Kirkman calls 'humors and pieces of plays.' One of these drolls, *Acteon and Diana*, printed in 1656 for sale during the performance, was of his own contriving. It defies all classification, but may be vaguely described as a quaint gallimaufry in right merry doggerel in which slices of mythological pastoral are served up between interludes of a homely bucolic realism. Written as it was for the delectation of holiday-makers at country wakes, still, it had been, as we are told, 'acted at the Red Bull with great applause.' For the historian, the one noteworthy feature it presents is the fact that in one of the interludes Punch appears as rustic lover and pleads to the Audrey of his choice with:

> Oh, thou that art the fairest in the bunch,
> Pity the panting paunch of pining Punch,
> Thou art my lovely Trollop.

Here we are at once forced to ask ourselves, whence did Cox derive his knowledge of the character? Magnin has demonstrated that by 1649, Polichinelle the puppet had reached Paris and was holding forth at the Porte de Nesle opposite the Louvre: but, apart from the coldness and inhospitality of Puritan times, it seems unlikely that he had then or thereabouts been introduced to our foggy clime. It is not until much later that we have trace of any popular allusions to his characteristics. On April 30, 1669, Pepys repaired to his coachmaker's on business, and being detained there, killed time idling about.

> Among poor people there in the alley [he records] did hear them call their fat child Punch, which pleases me mightily, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short.

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One notes also that on the third of the previous August, the diarist had betaken himself to the Old Artillery Ground, near Spitalfields to see a new gun tried, 'which from the shortness and bigness, they do call Punchinello.' These ready applications of the puppet's name and physique and the quick-seeing Pepy's observation of them as innovations point to a fairly recent popularization of the blithe crookback. Hence one cannot safely date the advent of the wooden Punch before Restoration times. How then are we to account for Cox's acquaintanceship with the character? Can it be that Pulcinella was introduced to our stage immediately before the Civil War by some belated troupe of Commedia dell'Arte players? Or had Cox been for a time a continental stroller and derived his inspiration from observation made abroad? The problem seems insoluble.

Another difficulty arises as we proceed. Twice in May, 1662, Pepys went to see an Italian puppet-show at Covent Garden, evidently a show of some pretentions as it had a band. There for the first time he heard the dulcimer played. In the following November, he took his wife to see another 'Italian motion,' which was then exhibiting at Charing Cross, 'much after the nature of what I showed her a while since at Covent Garden. Their puppets here are somewhat better, but their actions not at all.' It has been conceived that these two shows mark the arrival of the puppet Punch in England, a plausible assumption, seeing that an Italian puppet-show of the period without its Pulcinella sounds very much like the tragedy of *Hamlet* without the prince. But probability is not proof; and there seems, on the other hand, to be some significance in the fact that Pepys does not begin to apply the term 'Polichinello' to shows of this order until August 22, 1666, when he went 'by coach to Moore fields, and there saw Polichinello which pleases me mightily. Within a fortnight he repaired to the show thrice, his appetite growing by what it fed on. There is surely here indication of novelty. One notes furthermore that on March 20, 1667, Pepys treated his wife 'to Polichinelli at Charing Cross,* which is prettier and prettier and so full of variety that it is extraordinary good entertainment.' To judge by his application of the word to theatrical fare, and especially to Davenant's version of *Macbeth*, what the diarist here means by 'variety' is plenty of singing and dancing. As the primitive, directly-handled puppet of the existing Punch and Judy kind was only seen in half-length, and could not be made to dance, Pepy's comment confirms the impression due to *a posteriori* reasoning, that these early Italian puppets were marionettes. The end-of-the-century Punch was certainly a wire-worked, not a hand-worked figure. (One here uses the term 'marionette' in the sense in which it has always been used in England, namely, to imply a full-length puppet which appears on a stage and is worked from above. But this does not appear to be the common French acceptation of the term, and Magnin, the pioneer puppet historian, applies it indiscriminately to all puppets whatsoever.)

Fond as was Pepys of the playhouse, it had at this juncture no such fascination for him as had Punch's prototype. One day in April, 1667, he betook him to the Theatre Royal to see Sir Robert Howard's comedy, *The Surprisal*, but found his craving for amusement so little satisfied that, on coming out, he hastened off to his beloved Polichinello, 'and there had three times more sport

* The earliest official record of Punch in England occurs in the Overseer's books of St. Martin's in the Fields for 1666 and 1667: 'Recd. of Punchinello ye Italian popet player for his booth at Charing Cross.'

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than at the play.' Later on, traces of this particular show — either at Charing Cross or Bartholomew Fair — are to be found in the Diary up to August 31, 1668.

Since there is abundant allusion testifying to the vogue of Polichinello in the years immediately following the Great Fire, and no trace whatsoever of the puppet's presence in the land in the years preceding, one takes one's courage in both hands and plumps for *annus mirabilis* as the date of the wooden Punch's coming. Pepys' observations about the fat child and the podgy gun are here again contributory, but further confirmation may be advanced. Toward the close of Dryden's *Sir Martin Marall*, which dates from January, 1668, we find Rose telling the arch-blunderer with blunt sarcasm that a plotter and schemer of his great fertility and resource would best be employed as 'poet to Pugenello'— a positive indication, by the way, that the current Italian show rejoiced in an extensive repertory. In the following May, when Shadwell's *The Sullen Lover* was brought out at the Duke's a jig was danced at the end by a boy cleverly made up as the popular puppet; 'the best,' says Pepys, 'that ever anything was done in the world.'

Within the next three years the native show seems to have superseded the foreign. It was a case of exit Polichinello, *alias* Pugenello, enter Punchinello (and Punchinello has always been taken to be the full style and title of our own Mr. Punch). Here is the evidence. In Wycherley's *The Gentleman Dancing Master*, as at the Duke's early in 1672, Hippolita, a girl of fourteen, complains to her maid Prue of being immured and not being able to see a play in a twelvemonth; to which Prue adds, 'nor go to *Punchinello* nor *Paradise*.' Six years later, Malagene, in Otway's scandalous comedy *Friendship in Fashion*, poses as a mimic and 'speaks in Punchinello's voice,' an incident which shows that Mr. Punch had already assumed that entrancing squeak which still remains his proud prerogative. Possibly this may be disputed. At a later period Swift speaks of Punch's 'rusty voice,' and others of his hoarseness, but Steele gets nearer to the truth in the fourteenth *Spectator*, when, in the course of a comparison of Powell's show with the Italian Opera, he writes, 'I shall only observe one thing further in which both dramas agree: which is, that by the squeak of their voices the heroes of each are eunuchs.'

Much as we are at a loss for scientific evidence regarding the methods and salient characteristics of the visiting Italian shows of the Pepysian period, we shall not err egregiously, perchance, in assuming that it was from Pulcinella the primitive Punch derived one of his endearing idiosyncrasies. The latter, instead of being like his lineal descendant, the purposeful protagonist of a solitary play, was the licensed jester of many. He was the Tarleton of the puppets, a jovial wight who poked his nose into everybody's business, and whose wit formed an abstract and brief chronicle of the times. A valuable mirroring of the manner of puppet presentation in the early days of Mr. Punch is given in the last play of D'Urfey's *Don Quixote* trilogy, as performed at Drury Lane late in 1695. In this occurs a curious version of the famous episode in which the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance runs amuck among the puppets. D'Urfey's show (in which the characters were all represented by children) had its truchman, or interpreter — a functionary familiar to puppet-show frequenters from Elizabethan times; and who, as represented in the play by Gines de Passamonte, carried 'a rod to explain the motions.'

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After a prologue the interpreter proceeds to name and characterize the puppets on the stage. Exactly when this functionary disappeared from the scheme of the entertainment it would be difficult to say. Possibly not till Punch took to the open, or somewhere in the second half of the eighteenth century. Some faint and flickering relics of the old office remain. Only last summer, while holiday-making at Colwyn Bay, I saw a Punch and Judy performance on the promenade, in which the showman's wife, in one of the intervals between her appeals for largess, entered into a colloquy with Mr. Punch and soundly rated him for his treatment of Judy. This stern living up to the traditions, thought I, as I stood (like Gulliver in Lilliput) amid a swarm of children, would have hugely delighted Elia.

Since D'Urfey's evidence is general rather than particular, and by no means exhaustive, it is a happy circumstance that not many moons after his unlucky play saw the light, Addison was moved to write his vivacious Latin poem on 'Machinæ Gesticulantes,' in which, building (as I hope to show) on his observations of a famous English puppet show, he contrives to give us an insight into the constitution, trappings, and whimsicalities of the individual and supreme Punch of the hour, and into the *modus operandi* of the show. History is provokingly silent as to the inclusive dates of those mimetic and mechanical geniuses, the Powells, father and son, the showmen *par excellence* of the Augustan Age, who divided their time for the most part between London and Bath, but one of whom (seemingly the younger) spent a period on the Continent, where he astonished the brethren of the craft by the superiority of his mechanism. There is not 'a probable, possible shadow of doubt' that Addison's poem was inspired by, and preserves the characteristics of, the elder Powell's show. Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, points out that Quadrio, in his erudite but uneven book, *Della Storia e dell'ragione d'ogni Poesia*, attributes to the English the invention of the marionette, maintaining that while other nations were still content with the primitive, hand-worked puppet, it was they who 'first invented pulleys and wires and gave a fine natural action to the artificial life of these little gesticulating machines.' Here the phrase 'gesticulating machines' recalls the title of Addison's poem and suggests the innocent source of Quadrio's absurdly inaccurate conclusion, an impression which solidifies into certainty when we find Addison treating of wires and pulleys. England assuredly did not invent the marionette — it is doubtful even if it be of occidental origin — but there is little room for doubting that the Powells made many improvements on the older methods of manipulation, and it may be that the elder Powell was the first showman to substitute wires for strings. Addison's poem reveals how complex was the mechanism, since the puppets moved their jaws and eyes on occasion as well as their limbs. In a vigorous but by no means impeccable translation of the poem published anonymously in *The Gentleman's and London Magazine* for February, 1760, we read:

> The artist carves the limbs, then limb to limb
> He tacks with various wires, and many a seam!
> Next a smooth pulley on each puppet's head
> Is tightly fix'd and strung; by these 'tis led
> In all its various steps, while other wires
> Direct the hands, lips, eyes, as need requires.

This betrays Quadrio's source. Equally noteworthy is the passage:

> At length the veil withdrawn, what eager eyes,
> Fix on the scanty stage, with hush'd surprise!
> The scenes all chequered o'er with crossing lines
> Conceal the wires that work what art designs.

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Here the meaning is obscured, possibly because the device referred to had passed out of use in the translator's time. Compare with what Addison wrote:

. . . Lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat.

What Powell really did was to cover the proscenium opening of his little stage with open-meshed wire lattice-work, a very effective method of hiding the shining wires with which he worked the puppets. Proof that this was his method, as likewise proof that Addison was describing his show, is to be found in the forty-fourth *Tatler*, wherein Steele, in the heat of a pretended controversy with the elder showman, writes:

But I would have him to know that I can look beyond his wires and know very well the whole trick of his art; and that it is only by these wires that the eye of the spectator is cheated and hindered from seeing that there is a thread on one of Mr. Punch's chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the discretion of the said Powell, who stands behind and plays him, and makes him speak saucily of his betters.

Still sticking to the belated translation of his poem, we next find Addison discussing the idiosyncrasies of the seventeenth-century Punch:

The chief of all the troupe, and first in fame,
An hoarse-voiced droll appears, and Punch his name,
Him, large and waggish rolling eyes denote,
And buttons big as balls subnect his coat.
Immod'rate is his paunch, and yet you'll find
'Tis always pois'd with equal hump behind!
Scar'd at his giant size, the dwarfish crew
All fly before him and while, with scornful view,
He scoffs and sneers at all (or right or wrong)
A wanton tyrant o'er the pigmy throng!
Bursts in on solemn pomps, and grave debates,
And dauntless interrupts assembled states!
He dares, with jest obscene and action rude,
On mightiest kings and chastest queens intrude,
His boist'rous hug the daintiest dames prophane,
And maids of wood are coy and cold in vain.

Powell's headquarters in the reign of Queen Anne were on the little Piazza of Covent Garden, where 'Punch's Theatre,' as his show was called, was neatly fitted up with pit and boxes, and where there was great resort of youth and age, despite the fact that the entertainment was seldom *virginibus puerisque*. But the Powells strove valiantly to cater for all tastes, and steadily amassed an extensive repertory of plays and operas on subjects both sacred and profane. For the adult mind, however, the chief attraction of the show lay in the topicality and sly allusiveness of Mr. Punch's wit. In this he established a precedent which has been notably followed by that other great Aristophanic institution, the *Punch* of the Press. One of the original notes to 'The Dunciad' reveals to us that contemporary poetasters were in the habit of writing mordacious epilogues on the scandals and follies of the hour for Powell's show, not to speak of squibs for due explosion in the main entertainment. Even the government bowed to the authority of Mr. Punch as *censor morum*. When the French prophets gravely disturbed the credulous by their sensational pronouncements in Moorfields, the Ministry, foreseeing that direct action would only fan the flame, adopted a tactful method of quelling their fanaticism. They instructed Mr. Punch to turn prophet, 'which he did so well,' as Lord Chesterfield afterward related, 'that it soon put an end to the prophets and their prophecies.'

It was as yet a far cry to the immortal drama of Punch and Judy, but some of the elements of that masterpiece had already crystallized. Punch had begun to be plagued by a scolding wife, but he knew her as Joan, not Judy.

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[*The Poetry Review*]

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY L. M. PRIEST

He said, 'I will live here no more!
No more, lest I hear again
These small footsteps a-walking —
Soft, soft, as the rain;
The big house is filled with voices,
Light footsteps fill the rooms —
And I know not which are the saddest,
Still dawns or the haunted glooms
Of the dusk. Like sparrows twittering
The voices whisper and thrill
'Mid the dusks that are haunted for ever
In the house on Heartbreak Hill.

'Alone in the shades . . . with remembrance!
Shrill whisperings fill the house;
And the wind, like a thing a-weary,
Sleeps 'mid the cedar boughs.
Laughter . . . voices . . . footsteps . . .
They're louder far to me,
These sounds that are stiller than silence,
Than the roaring of the sea.

'Ah! I will go and call them . . .
"Peter! . . . John! . . . Are you there?"
Only a gossamer laughter
Drifts down the darkened stair . . .
Drifts and dies; and rustlings
Of scurrying footsteps fill
With a dark and dreadful sadness
The house on Heartbreak Hill.

'I follow . . . we play in the darkness,
Peter and John and I,
Hide-and-seek . . . In the darkness
Scurry of feet goes by;
The wind of their flying footsteps
Stirs in my hair, and shrill
Their ghostly laughter mocks me
In the louse on Heartbreak Hill.

'Gone, gone . . . and calling in vain,
"John! . . . Peter!" I come once more
To my room; and a pool of twilight
Gathers about the floor.

'I will live here no more, I swear it!
And yet . . . when the dusk falls still,
Will the voices, the footsteps, lure me
To the house on Heartbreak Hill?'

'LIKE THEE'

Translated from the book of Spanish poems entitled *Verses and Utterances of a Wayfarer* of León-Felipe, by Albert F. S. Rowe.

Such is my life,
O Stone,
Like thee; like thee,
Little stone,
Like thee,
Light stone;
Like thee,
A pebble rolling
On the roadway,
On the pathway;
Like thee,
Humble stone of the highway;
Like thee,
Who on stormy days
Liest deep,
In the mire,
And at times
Flashest into sparks
Under the hoofs
And under the wheels;
Like thee, who wast not made
To be a stone
Of a warehouse,
Of a law-court,
Of a palace,
Nor of a church;
Like thee,
A wandering stone;
Like thee,
Who perchance wast made
For a sling only,
A small stone
And
Light.

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CHINA IS STARVING

After months of careful investigation, reports of American missionaries and business men over vast areas show that at least

Fifteen Million People

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A large typhus epidemic seems imminent and inevitable unless relief is instituted and carried on until the June harvest.

A nation-wide organization has been appointed by the President, which will co-operate with an International Relief Committee, already formed in China and operating there in a manner to command complete confidence.

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